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NOTES OF THE WEEK

WHY does not Lord Birkenhead frankly give up political life and take to publicity work? There are already some distinguished persons engaged spasmodically or regularly in the latter. Some are actresses, testifying to the possibility that their beauty is due to a particular skin-food; some are authors, grateful to a particular make of fountain pen; but there is not a single ex-Lord Chancellor among them, and Lord Birkenhead would have the field to himself if he took to writing in eulogy of certain cigarettes to that eminent personage, "the Hon. Bob," or to telling the world how he quickly lost that sinking feeling after a dose of patent medicine. But activities of that kind can only be carried on after retirement from politics. It is intolerable that the India Office should be made the centre from which electrical condensers are boomed, and that the pen which signs

despatches to the Government of India should be also employed in explaining to the public the singular merits of Mr. Goodman.

THE FRIENDS OF ANARCHY

The Amalgamated Marine Workers' Union, which has a very small membership but all the energy of Communist bodies, is actively assisting the strikers in a shameless repudiation of contracts. Mr. Havelock Wilson, apprised of events in Canada, has cabled his satisfaction at learning that Mr. Shinwell is now openly in his proper place, with the Reds, and has suggested that Trade Union authorities generally should take note of the facts. But will they? We hear much of Labour solidarity when it is a question of fighting employers. May we not expect to hear something of it when it is a question of fighting those who would break up Trade Unionism? Will not the chief leaders of Trade Unionism in this country come forward to protect the system of collective bargaining, which has been so laboriously built

Everything's right—
if it's a

Remington
TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
First to-day!

up through three generations? To-day, the attack is on the National Sailors' Union; to-morrow it will be on some other. The Communists will not rest content with any sectional victory, should they obtain it. They are bent on smashing Trade Unionism.

THE ATTACK ON TRADE UNIONISM

The seamen's strike is probably the most impudent of the many attempts that have lately been made by Communists to destroy Trade Unionism. The country and, since this strike has been engineered from Australia and extended to South Africa, the whole Empire owe a debt to Mr. Havelock Wilson and the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union for their promptitude in realizing and bluntness in describing the real character of the movement. Mr. Havelock Wilson and the Union over which he presides have seen from the first that the slightest concession to this utterly illegitimate strike would mean ruin to Trade Unionism, which can flourish only so long as compacts with employers are honourably kept. They have given their moral support to Mr. Bruce in the strong action taken by him in Australia, and they have requested General Hertzog in South Africa to give protection to their members there in carrying out their contracts. But what of other Labour organizations?

THE FRENCH DEBT

As we rather feared would be the case, Mr. Churchill's suggestion that France should only pay Great Britain just over one-third of her debt has aroused no gratitude in Paris, and is therefore, politically speaking, useless. To a certain extent we can understand this impressive absence of thanks in the French Press. The French peasant who has had his farm destroyed and his cattle killed will never believe that the British soldier, with his superior equipment and his home in security, bore his full share in the war, and he is honestly unable to realize that this country is not populated entirely by "Shylocks," as the French newspapers so delicately put it. There can be little doubt that still further concessions will be demanded of the British on the ground that the French debt payments must not exceed the French receipts under the Dawes scheme. Our own receipts from Germany, however, are so overshadowed by our own debt payments to America that in no case should Mr. Churchill give away another pound to France.

AMERICAN VIEWS OF THE DEBT

There are two aspects of the provisional debt settlement which are very disquieting. In the first place the Americans are apparently convinced that the agreement was designed specially to place them in an invidious position. It is their own policy on war debt, and not ours, that has placed them there. Secondly, Mr. Churchill has stipulated that his proposal might have to be modified in proportion to the American demands on France. In other words, if the American Debt Funding Commission demands proportionately more from France than we have done, we shall have to increase our own claim. There is no reason to

anticipate that the Debt Commission will be more generous to France than it has been to Belgium and that, in consequence, we shall be able to maintain our present offer to Paris. The French have no great affection for us at the best of times, but their feelings if we suddenly told them that they must pay more than we are now asking them to pay would beggar description.

SECURITY PACT DIFFICULTIES

The rapidity with which the negotiations on the Security Pact are now developing is highly encouraging, although there are still many grave obstacles to be overcome. The strength of the German Nationalist opposition to any pact which leads to no immediate modification of the Versailles Treaty is so underestimated in this country and so overestimated in France that it is difficult to know what Germany can give in the way of guarantees. In any case nothing will weaken the opposition so effectively as a meeting between the British, French and German Foreign Ministers on a footing of equality. Already their legal experts are at work in London, and whatever be the ultimate fate of the Pact, it has at least led to a meeting at which Germany has had an opportunity of co-operating with the other Great Powers instead of being driven to accept, with as much dignity as possible, any terms that Great Britain and France choose to put before her.

GERMANY AND SECURITY

The eagerness with which Germany accepted the invitation to continue the Security discussions by the spoken, rather than the written, word indicates plainly how much she resents the position of inferiority to which she has been relegated by Mr. Chamberlain and M. Briand in the negotiations that have taken place hitherto. But we may hope that it also indicates a belief on the part of Herr Stresemann that he can coax the British and French foreign ministers back to the narrow path of bilateralism which he expected them to follow when first he suggested a Western European Pact six months ago. In the German view, and probably in the British view, this can only be done when France attaches a little more importance to the spirit of the League of Nations Covenant and a little less to her treaty with Poland. It may sound paradoxical, but it is none the less true, that the negotiations for a Western European Pact are more likely to break down on the Eastern European issue than on anything else.

THE SIXTH ASSEMBLY

The agenda of the Sixth Assembly of the League of Nations is dull reading indeed. In former years debates on security and disarmament have driven delicately-nurtured visitors to descend to pocket-picking in order to obtain those precious cards which would enable them to listen to some barely comprehensible debate on some technical amendment to some mysterious article. Mr. Chamberlain, by rejecting the Geneva Protocol, has changed all that, for this year there is no disarmament project to discuss. There is a possibility, however, that M. Benes will succeed in working up a general attack against the British

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for preferring the Western Pact to the Protocol. This he is endeavouring to do, and it is therefore to be hoped that Mr. Chamberlain has gone to Geneva armed with less reactionary arguments against the Protocol than those he used when he explained the feelings of the British Government to the League Council last March.

WATCH ITALY

By the dismissal of Signor Oviglio, until lately Minister of Justice, from the Fascist Party, Mussolini loses one more moderate lieutenant, and Farinacci, the Secretary-General of the Fascisti, makes his position still stronger for his struggle with Federzoni when at length ill-health compels Mussolini to withdraw from politics. Federzoni is a politician who represents the best Conservative elements in his own country; Farinacci is by no means unlike our own Mr. Cook, and is infinitely more dangerous than the miners' leader is likely ever to become. Tchicherin is to spend his holidays in Capri, and it is difficult to believe that his choice of this charming spot has nothing to do with politics. Nothing is more amusing—disquieting would perhaps be a better word—than the increasing co-operation between Fascisti and Bolsheviks, both of whom profess to see in the British Empire their greatest potential enemy. Italian politics, based on the need for expansion and for raw materials, are well worth watching.

THE IRISH BOUNDARY QUESTION

Does anyone seriously suppose that Ulster will accept any decision by the Boundary Commission which is objectionable to her pride? And does anyone imagine that, if Ulster rejects such a decision, this country can undertake to coerce her by force of arms? Let us come out of a fool's paradise and grasp the truth that, though the Commission may provide a basis for settlement, there can be no settlement except as the result of discussion between Ulster and the Free State. Theoretically, the Commission's decision will have the force of the law, but it cannot be enforced by this country. The Free State alone is pledged to accept it; Ulster has throughout held aloof, reserving full liberty of action, which liberty cannot be restricted by British troops. The two halves of Ireland must settle this matter for themselves, by discussion or by violence. We are glad to learn that very many people in the Free State are anxious for discussion with Ulster.

A BAN ON GERMAN SCIENTISTS?

When the British Association meets again, at Oxford, the Prince of Wales will preside, and we suppose that has something to do with the feeling excited by the question whether German men of science should be invited as guests of the Council of the Association. It is not for outsiders to pronounce on the question whether the Germans should be bidden. But one thing is plain. It would be useless, and indeed harmful, to invite them if they cannot be welcomed. A slight majority in favour of their presence cannot justify an invitation. There is doubtless much to be gained from the co-operation of German scientists; but there is nothing whatever to be derived from asking them to attend the gathering and then treating them as unwelcome guests.

"CHUCK IT, SMITH!"

IS there never to be an end to the literary and journalistic indiscretions of Lord Birkenhead? Some little time ago there were strong protests, in the first instance from ourselves, against his activities as a journalist. It was represented to the Government that his virtual adoption of journalism as a profession was both unseemly and likely to interfere with the extremely onerous duties he assumed when he became Secretary of State for India. No real defence being possible, an undertaking was given that Lord Birkenhead would desist from journalistic work as soon as he had completed a series of quasi-historical articles for which he was under contract, and that meanwhile he would not touch subjects the journalistic treatment of which by a Cabinet Minister is apt to be embarrassing to his colleagues. We had written pungently of Lord Birkenhead's guinea-a-lining, but we were, as we always have been, well aware of his great legal and political gifts, and we were heartily glad to allow his indiscretions to fall into oblivion. But he will not permit us to forget them. He has now grossly aggravated his original impropriety by writing, or allowing his name to be put to, an astonishing puff of a commercial enterprise with which various departments of the Government have been and may again be in relation. Those who are curious to see the lengths to which Lord Birkenhead can go should acquire the current issue of a publication called the *Mayfair Cartoon*, which is entirely devoted to a eulogistic description of a firm of electrical condenser manufacturers by "the Right Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead, P.C., D.L."

We know nothing of the publication, but may observe in passing that it bears a title rather reminiscent of one under which persons of moderate celebrity used to be gratified by paid-for panegyrics. With the publication, however, we have no quarrel. So far as we are aware, there is no reason why it should not honour Mr. William Henry Goodman, the Managing Director of the firm which makes the electrical condensers. But there are an enormous number of reasons why Lord Birkenhead should not be its instrument in doing so. First of all, it is utterly indecorous that a Cabinet Minister, who has been Lord Chancellor and who is now responsible for the welfare of three out of every four of the King's subjects, should be associated with the literature of puffery. Such association brings the Lord Chancellorship which Lord Birkenhead held and the Secretaryship of State for India which he now holds into contempt. Secondly, it is obviously improper that a Cabinet Minister should lend himself to the boozing of articles which several Government departments have in the past purchased and which his own department may at any time be invited to select for purchase out of a mass of competing productions. The article to which Lord Birkenhead's name is set tells us that "even before the war began in 1913, Mr. Goodman had demonstrated the use of all these things to the satisfaction of more than one Government department." But the personnel of departments changes, and manufacture develops, so that from time to time it becomes necessary for "the use

of all these things" to be demonstrated anew. Thanks to Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Goodman need feel no apprehension when demonstrating the doubtless admirable electrical condensers his firm makes before Indian Office experts. He can walk into Lord Birkenhead's department with a glowing testimonial from Lord Birkenhead himself. It may be that the testimonial cannot be described as unsolicited; and it must be presumed that the periodical containing it paid Lord Birkenhead for it. But all that might not prevent the India Office or the High Commissioner from being seriously prejudiced when obliged to choose between the wares of Mr. Goodman and those of competitors not fortunate enough to be provided with recommendations from the Secretary of State.

It is not to be supposed that Lord Birkenhead's personality or office give him any exceptional privilege. If he is entitled to write, or at least to sign, puffs of electrical condenser makers, every colleague is equally entitled to boom, for a consideration, the goods of other manufacturers. If there are any arguments to justify Lord Birkenhead's work as paid panegyrist of Mr. Goodman they must apply also to efforts by, say, Mr. Churchill to spread the fame of an armament firm. Yet we do not find Lord Birkenhead's colleagues supplementing their official incomes by writing puffs of commercial enterprises, and there is not a pipe manufacturer in the country who can boast of having had his biography written by Mr. Baldwin. Ministers as a whole are more than careful not to compromise themselves or the Government. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is a statesman who quite unnecessarily resigned from a former Government over the Mesopotamia inquiry, though its results showed him to have been the least culpable of all authorities concerned. Sir Philip Cunliffe Lister lately persisted in attempts to resign merely because his wife has some coal interests, and a sensitive conscience warned him that this indirect interest in coal might conceivably be undesirable at a time when the Government was subsidizing the coal industry. But Lord Birkenhead, or the gentleman who arranges and perhaps executes these jobs for him, seems quite indifferent to charges of impropriety. He desists from ordinary journalism only to perpetrate this disgusting exercise in puffery. It may be that he cannot afford to give his pen a rest. But can the Government afford to retain a colleague who, after severe criticism, and after giving an assurance of future regard for the dignity of his position, breaks out in this fashion? We think not.

Mr. Baldwin must, of course, remain the sole judge of the composition of his Cabinet. In quite another connexion we have in the past insisted on the necessity of allowing a Premier to decide with whom he shall and with whom he shall not work. But it is impossible for any Conservative paper to acquiesce in actions by a Cabinet Minister which bring reproach and ridicule on a Conservative Government. Nor is this merely a party matter. Conservative or Liberal, every paper which seeks to uphold the principles on which Parliamentary life has hitherto been lived in this country is bound to object to the conduct of Lord Birkenhead. To keep silent would be to countenance the establishment of a very vicious precedent. Lord Birkenhead's necessities may be great: those of Labour Ministers in a future Government will,

likely enough, be greater. With what face shall we denounce them if they set up as publicity agents? It will be open to them to plead not only that a Cabinet Minister in a Conservative Government perpetrated puffs, but that he who did so was one eminently learned and experienced in the law and presumably an exceptional authority on what is and what is not accordant with the code governing the conduct of Ministers. They will have, in short, a very good case for any alliance which any of them may care to make with manufacturers desirous of being presented to the public under official auspices. We cannot allow such a precedent to be set up. If Lord Birkenhead, whose earnings were at one time very large, finds it impossible to gratify his tastes on his present income, the remedy is for him to seek out a career in which ample rewards await his great abilities. There is nothing discreditable to him in the fact, if it be a fact, that he is not Spartan in his tastes. But he must not combine office with the kind of journalism to which he has descended. If Mr. Baldwin wishes to keep him as a colleague he must either secure absolute guarantees that there will be no more of this or prepare for a split in the Party.

SPURIOUS EDUCATION

IN an age of muddled thought the plain truth about almost any subject has the effect of paradox, and we should not be surprised to learn that the remarks on education addressed by the Head Master of Rugby to the British Association were taken by many to be an indulgence in perverse depreciation of learning. But nothing more true or more salutary has been said about education in our day. We wish his speech could be distributed not only to all teachers and educational bodies but to all voters. The public as a whole urgently needs to be reminded that, in a foolish worship of mere literacy, far too many of its members have utterly lost the use of those faculties the exercise of which educated their forefathers even when they were illiterate. It is very necessary to bring home to vast classes of the people, pathetically engaged in attempts to improve themselves through all sorts of odd agencies and publications, that the means of improvement are other, and that the man, whatever his merely literary knowledge, who has mastery in any of the traditional arts or crafts of the people is much more likely to be educated than one who has allowed his faculties to become atrophied while he pursued a little book-learning.

Universal literacy, which filled certain of the Victorians with rapture, is now known to be a questionable ideal; and indeed there has been a certain reaction against it, only one led by the wrong persons. The self-consciously simple, who talk largely of peasant arts and have nothing whatever in common with the peasant, are no help but a hindrance to the kind of reaction which is desirable. It is not any artificial cult of the simple that is to be encouraged. What is required is a much more general recognition of the truth that, even if all men were capable of attaining the same level in what is ordinarily called education, it would be disastrous to society that they should do so.

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Society demands very different things from different individuals, and its welfare and the happiness of the individual depend on each being able to contribute, not the same sort of service, but that service which is most in accord with the nature and environment of each of its members. The democratic ideal of ploughmen and clerks indistinguishable from each other is an absurdity. The assumption that the majority should be trained, at State expense, to resemble the minority is monstrous. Training of that sort cannot possibly increase the self-respect of the socially humbler classes; it can only put them in a false position, in which they appear to great disadvantage, and are rendered acutely aware of their inevitable failure to attain to the equality promised them. The way to self-respect is the cultivation of equality in mastery of quite different matters; and there is no greater security against patronage than such mastery even though it be in the most modest craft.

But we are not at all sure that the strongest argument in support of some of the contentions of the Headmaster of Rugby is not one which offers itself when we look at the question from the point of view of the minority. On an old-fashioned view, it is desirable that the people should respect their social betters. But it is still more desirable that the minority should respect the majority. We regard it as an essential part of culture that those privileged to receive it should grow up with a real respect for the knowledge, judgment and skill which people in a humble, and even in a possibly disreputable, way of life show in their special provinces. Time was when there was very little fear of any highly educated man or woman being unable to feel such respect. The people of this country were richly and curiously skilled in all sorts of ways, and not only that but from county to county there were surprising and delightful differences in the traditional technique of this and that mystery. But now! So-called education, the popular Press and many other agencies have been at work, and it is becoming increasingly difficult to meet rustics or artizans who reveal those special aptitudes, that learning in matters which are beyond the knowledge of the cultured. There are considerable areas of rural England now in which one can hardly hope to find even a single poacher who is better than a degenerate clerk; and the conversation in the village tap-room is apt to be, not something which impresses the listening visitor by its earthy savour, but a lamentable echo of things to be overheard any day in a Camden Town omnibus. It is not trivial, this change. The people may be coming, nominally, into full power, so far as that is political, but they are ceasing to impress the finest minds of the nation by their mastery of their own concerns. False education is the chief cause, and exposure of its folly comes best from the Headmaster of a great public school. Much has been heard of the defects of the public schools, much has been, perhaps too smugly, said in praise of their tone. We are not now minded to weigh praise and blame, but this we may say, that those who come out of them are disposed to be very appreciative of the talents and knowledge of the people and not at all disposed to set up a merely literary standard of education. But admiration cannot flourish without something to admire. Given another thirty years of spurious popular education, what will there be left for admiration to spend itself upon?

INCH CAILLEACH

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

THE Island of the Nuns lies like a stranded whale upon the waters of the loch, with its head pointing towards the red rocks of Balmaha. Tradition tells of a Nunnery on the Island in times gone by, and certainly it must have been a fitting place to build a convent on. A deep, dark strait cuts it off from the world. No spot in the whole earth could be more fitted for a conventional life of meditation, or for the simple duties performed in simple faith, such as string out a life like beads upon a rosary, till the last prayer is said.

Fell opportunity that has so often turned saints into sinners could have had no place upon the rocky islet in the lake. The voices of the sisters singing in the choir must have been scarce distinguishable from the lapping of the wavelets on the beach, or blending with them, made up a harmony, as if nature and man were joining in a pantheistic hymn. Nuns may have lived upon the Island with, or without, vocation, have eaten out their hearts with longing for their lost world, or, like the Saint of Avila, in mystic ecstasy have striven to be one with the celestial spouse. All this may well have been, but the dim sisterhood has left no record of its passage upon earth, except the name Inch Cailleach, beautiful in its liquid likeness to the sound of the murmuring waves, and the wind sighing in the brackens and the bents.

Ben Lomond towers above the wooded Island, with its outcrop of grey rocks, and in the distance Ben Vorlich, Meall nan Caora and Bein Chabhair seem to protect it from all modern influences by their grim aspect and aloofness, for even their rare smiles when the sun hunts the shadows across their rocky faces still are stern. If the lone, wooded inchlet once sheltered Nuns, or if the name was merely given it to commemorate some ancient Highland Cailleach, who had retired there to gaze into the mists upon the hills, or dream of Fingal and Cuchullin as she sat nodding over a fire of peat, certain it is that nature must have put forth her best creative power to form so fitting a last resting place for the wild clan, whose bones are laid beneath the mossy turf round the grey sculptured stones.

Right on the top of a long shoulder of the Island, within the ruined walls of the old chapel whose broken pillars, moss-grown finials and grooved door jambs, lie in a growth of bilberries among the invading copse, the Gregarach for centuries have interred their dead. They and the wild McFarlanes—was not the moon known as McFarlanes' Bowat?—rest from their labour at the sword. Quietly they lie, they who knew never a quiet hour in life. Equal in death and equal in misfortune when they lived, had they consulted all the heralds and their pursuivants they could not have hit upon a device more fitting than the cross-handled sword that is cut roughly on so many of their tombs. Bitterly they paid for the slaughter of Glenfruin, with two hundred years of outlawry, and with the hand of every man against them. Well did they deserve the title of the Clan Na Cheo, for the mist rolling through the corries

was their best hiding place, the natural smoke screen that protected all the Clan Gregor from their enemies. On the leafy Island in the great lake alone they found a resting place, and though the long grey stones by which they swore are few in number, the grassy hillocks that dot the burial ground encircled by the ruined walls are numberless. Nowhere could men have found a spot so fitting for a long sleep after their foray in the world. The soothng wind among the thickets of scrub-oak, of hazel and of birch, the fresh damp scent of the sweet-gale and staghorn moss, the belling of the roe at evening, the strange, sweet wildness of the steep isolated island with its two headlands and its little plain, now buried deep in wood, must lull the resting children of the mist.

A steep and winding path leads from the pebbly beach, and crosses and recrosses a little rill, brown but transparent, as it wends its way towards the lake in miniature cascades and tiny linnns, in which play minnows. It makes a tinkling music for the sleepers among the ruins of what was once Inch Cailleach parish church. It passes now and then a fir, whose bright red trunk stands out afame among the copse, and bears the cones from which Clan Alpine took its badge. Here and there clumps of scarlet dockens mark the way, like stations of the Cross upon a Calvary. Hardly a footprint has beaten down the grass, for up above, in the lone circle of grey stones, lie men whose names were written in characters as evanescent as the smoke scrolls an aeroplane traces upon the sky. Clearly imprinted on the peaty soil, roe tracks call up the memory of men who passed the best part of their lives in following the deer. The silence of the woods is only broken by the flight of some great capercailzie, as its wings beat against the leaves when it first launches into flight, or by the cushats cooing, deep and full throated as the bell bird's call, in the Brazilian wilds.

The loneliness, the sense of isolation, although the world is just at hand, and tourist-laden steamers ply upon the loch, passing but a few hundred yards away and breaking up the picture of the wooded Island reflected in the lake, as in a mirage, with their paddles, are as absolute as if the Islet was situated in the outer Hebrides.

The very scent of the lush grass, set about thickly with the yellow tormentils, with scabious and bog asphodel, strikes on the nostrils as from an older world, in which the reek of petrol and the noise of factories were unknown. Many a procession of ragged warriors, in the past, their deerskin buskins making scarce a sound upon the stones, must have toiled up the winding path to lay their dead within the little burial ground, and then, the ceremony over, stepped noiselessly away into the sheltering mist. The Nuns, McGregors and McFarlanes all have passed away, and are as if they never had been, yet they have left an aura that still pervades the leafy Isle. Nothing is left of them but the vaguest memory, and yet they seem to live in every thicket, every copse, and as the burn runs brattling to the lake it sings their threnody. When all is hushed at night and owls fly noiselessly, their flight hardly disturbing the still air, and the rare nocturnal animals that all destroying progress (or what you call the thing) has left alive, surely the spirits of the nameless sleepers under the mossy turf rise like a vapour from their graves, commune with Cuchullin and

with Fingal, pat Bran's rough head, and fight old battles once again; until at the first streak of dawn they glide back to their places, under the sculptured stones.

Let them sleep on. They have had their foray, they have chased the roe and followed the red deer. The very mists upon the mountains are more tangible than they are now. Let them rest within the ruined walls of the dismantled chapel buried in the copse, that has shown itself more durable than the stone walls that lie about its roots. Bracken and heather, bog myrtle, blaeberry and moss exhale their odours, sweeter than incense, over the graves where sleep the nameless men. The waves still murmur on the beach, the tiny burnlet whispers its coronach. Under their rude tombstones men, whose feet shod in their deerskin brogues were once as light as fawns, are waiting till the shrill skirl of the Piob Mor shall call them to the great gathering of the clans.

PAPA, MAMAN ET BÉBÉ

BY GERALD GOULD

I DO not pretend to be a friend to generalizations; but neither do I meet them with quite that dancing rage of which Mr. Priestley recently accused me. I greet them sadly, gently, a little wistfully, as one who acknowledges the necessary imperfection of the world. For I do not presume to think them unnecessary. Nor is my complaint that they are never strictly true: when we become too proud for the approximate, we shall no longer be able to communicate with one another at all. My objection really is not to generalizations, but to the excess of generalization. It is so easy, so far too easy, so mere a sop for the universal haze and hesitation of the mind, to make a sweeping statement; one is compelled to do it occasionally, but one should ration the indulgence. And though I have in my time waged war chiefly against generalizations about women, on the ground that these are the easiest, the falsest and the most frequent of all, I do not forget that many of the wisest and best of men have uttered them with extreme positiveness; and I do not forget, either, that generalizations about nations run them close in both folly and frequency. I have in particular had food for thought, during the last month, over our general ways of thinking and talking about the French. Apart from his aspects as politician and warrior (in both of which he inspires respect, even when it is accompanied by hostility), the Frenchman stands to the Englishman for one mysterious thing. He is, to the insular and censorious or envious imagination, a *Gay Dog*. He has shrugged aside those cold moralities within whose limits every Englishman (of course) takes his complacent if undelirious way. He is an expert in what is called "experience": his adolescence passes straight into adultery. The Englishman, being repulsive to women (I offer this as a perfectly representative example of generalization about both sex and nationality), has, one gathers, to take what melancholy pleasure he may in being good. I remember noticing, as a child, the pride and opprobrium in the accents with which grown-ups would tell me that the French language did not even contain a word for "home." And it must be confessed that the Parisian bookstall and

the Parisian theatre do a good deal to sustain the French reputation for disreputability. O the unreality, the irresponsibility, the naughtiness! The lightness of note, the absence of consequences! And the statistician is apt to include that absence of consequences in "race-suicide."

I never quarrel with a list of births and deaths. If the French birth-rate is, according to the best statistics, dwindling, it is not for me to deny the fact. Yet, if I were to generalize about the French from my experiences of the last month, I should say that they were the most persistently and painstakingly monogamous, the most avidly and ruthlessly domestic, and beyond all comparison the most prolific people in the world. If they have no word for home, it is because they take home with them. They pursue family life in public; they bring the domestic hearth to the table d'hôte. I speak, of course, only of the *bourgeois*: it may be that things are different in *le higlif*. But the folk in my hotel were the sort who, had they been English, would have left their babies behind them, or taken nursemaids with them: these mothers did everything (but *everything*, I assure you) themselves. They did it on the seashore, in the Estaminet, in the dining-room. As they walked, as they bathed, they were wreathed and festooned in babies. They were always boiling milk for babies, or ordering hot water for babies, or washing babies, or attending otherwise to the needs, desires and remonstrances of babies. *Papa* was no less devoted than *maman*, and but little less efficient: he too fetched, carried, washed, fed and slapped babies all through the heat of the day and far on into the night: he too did everything, everything. I do not know whether French babies congenitally cry more than English; but there was rarely an interval longer than a few minutes without a wail from lee or windward. Not that the babies were unhappy: they laughed even oftener than they cried. They banged on the piano, with hands, with ash-trays, with hammers (while *papa* and *maman* incited them thereto with shouts of admiration). They went to bed prodigiously late, and started crying "*Papa!*" and "*Maman!*" as soon as they were tucked up, and they awoke prodigiously early.

And every baby was everybody's. I will not say that the parents did not know their own offspring: in that air of rich and redolent respectability, it did not need a wise father to know his own child. But any father, any mother, would at any hour entertain, carry, feed, or slap the children of any other: nor indeed was parentage an essential for the fulfilment of the kindly acts of parentage. The very waitresses embraced, dandled, soothed, chased and caressed the babies between—and during—the courses of the meals. *Everybody* did everything—but everything!—for the babies.

I love babies. I can scarcely have too much of babies' society. They are the only creatures in the world who do not depress me by their airs of intellectual condescension, the only people with whom I can converse on an equality. I had always flattered myself, in my vulgar island way, that the British specialized in babies. But—I suggest it as food for reflection, as the revelation which it was to myself—in mass production, if not always in perfection of product, the French have us "beat to the wide." I repeat that I speak only of the middle class: the aristocracy and the peasantry

may act differently: indeed, if the census tells truth, they *must* act differently. And then again I ought not to generalize, even about the middle-class, from one month spent in one hotel: it may have been an exceptional hotel, or the month may have been exceptional. But I have been given a new conception of race-suicide.

And biological and political conclusions follow, if my observations provide a premiss. Professor Karl Pearson long ago made our flesh creep with horrid prognostications of what would happen if certain classes and types of society more and more tended to limit their offspring while less desirable classes procreated without restraint. My own flesh, it is true, did not creep very far, for I have never been able to believe that any human being could be a judge of what in the high teleological sense was "desirable," or that any method of breeding for it was discoverable. But still—just for the speculation—what if the French peasantry is dying out, and the motor-owning *bourgeoisie* is on the increase? I leave it for the eugenists to suggest a general conclusion.

THE THEATRE

THE HERO AS GROCER

BY IVOR BROWN

Blessed Are the Rich. By James Agate and C. E. Openshaw. The Vaudeville Theatre.

HAS anybody ever sung 'Jolly good luck to the girl who loves a grocer'? I fancy not. The pestle confers no burning knighthoods nowadays. Nor ever did, save in satiric jest. Indeed, there is a habit of the "littery gents" to be uncommonly nasty about grocers. The publican is ever their darling, and though a bard be served with short measure of watered swipes he will not know it, poor innocent, and will still go rhyming about cannikin's clink and vowed Master Tapster to be the prop and glory of the State. Alas, poor grocer! He is condemned to short weight and sanded sugar for six days in the week and Calvinism under a zinc roof on the seventh. Though he make his proud gesture and designate himself for all to see as "Italian warehouseman," which has a Latin and a lordly ring, yet will literature pass him by or even pelt him with his own commodities. "The wicked grocer groces," bellows our Chesterton. By no means can tapioca escape the indictment of original sin.

In his novel 'Blessed Are the Rich,' Mr. Agate turned his hero into a grocer. But Mr. Agate is at heart a romantic. One so devoted to the art of Sarah Bernhardt and the leg-action of the Hackney horse is not the man to endure for long the clammy horror of bacon in July or a cellar-full of Invalid Port. His hero as grocer failed because he had to fail. It was not in Mr. Agate's heart to make him so stoop and then conquer. But that is not all. Mr. Agate, though romantic by conviction, is realist by sense of humour. He could put Oliver Sheldon into a mean and sordid shop, but not by any possibility into a dull shop. Dardonic humour plays like lightning over the tinned salmon. The staff and the clientele are the authentic chips of London life. The appreciation

of truth in portraiture comes by a swift, surprising blow. One looks and suddenly, as the saying goes, the bell rings. At the door of Mr. Agate's shop the bell is always ringing.

The novel goes far beyond grocery. The hero, Oliver Sheldon, wandered here and there and was monographist of all he surveyed. But on the stage he cannot do that. Either by action of Mr. Openshaw or of Mr. Agate he is reduced to the status of "a nice quiet-spoken young fellow." But, the sun having set, the moon arises. The moon is Miss Ada Stebbing, who puts one hand to the bacon-cutter, the other into the till, and her mind to the contemplation of 'Cinema Bits.' Ada is a fine figure of a woman in the book and is better still in the play. If Oliver can no longer be the life and soul of the party, she is well up to the challenge. Her worn counters of speech, once minted by Smart Alec himself and now the currency of every pert young Cockney, are superbly reproduced. Ada Stebbing, the queen of beauty competitions and serif of the photo-press, is a most credible young Venus of the Belladonna Road. Every such maiden does not rise, by way of Jewry, to the mansion of a cinema-star. But she would like to. Meanwhile, she is serving us from tobacco-kiosks if not from grocer's counters. We know our Ada, and Miss Mary Clare knows her too and brings to her portrayal all the communicable comedy which the play demands.

The shop in the Belladonna Road collects queer customers. There is Mrs. Sparfoot. All that need be said of her is that she is played by Miss Ada King, and when Miss Ada King comes on to the stage the foot-lights become street-lamps. We have no other actress who can radiate reality with such immediate power as Miss King. When she touches the shop-door the bell rings instantly. We do not critically pause; we know that we are in the Belladonna Road. Mr. Dobbs, from whom Oliver purchased premises and stock, is the right ferret of small trade, and Mr. Sebastian Smith left us in no doubt that Mr. Dobbs could find all heaven at Herne Bay. Mr. Oddle, the agent of the deal, is a dreadful vision, the ferret turned corpulent. Anæmic adiposity, with an oily tongue, as the containing vessel of commercial cunning, suggests the most complete and crushing retort to young Hamlet's view of man as an excellent piece of work. Mr. Clive Currie's unforgettable vivid presentation of the odious Oddle rolls Hamlet's rhapsody in tradesman's note-paper and throws it under the grocer's counter. Finally, there is Mr. Michael Sherbrooke as amorous, ambitious Judæa, leading Ada out of grocery to Los Angeles and creating from his sly and greedy insolence that paragon of the press-fed public, Aida St. Ebbing. These make good company, and are the stage's compensation for the loss of the book's Oliver, a man of brave and restless notions, now confined to the inarticulate hesitations of a good-hearted "mug."

So far, so good. Mr. Agate's text that honesty is a luxury is driven home tartly. Furthermore, to the constant play-goer there is assured refreshment in any piece which takes him out of the salon and into the shop and the street. For all those who are weary unto swooning of epigrammatic noblemen, whose clothes are as far above suspicion as their morals are below it, the Belladonna Road

may be recommended as a bracing health resort. Those, on the other hand, who are not to be contented with street-corner verities, and need for their entertainment the formal cut of the well-made play, will be disappointed. 'Blessed Are the Rich' is a play of episode and must be taken or left as such. The third act, as is often the case with dramatized novels, hangs loosely. Ada has achieved the purple and is now able to assist the young pigeon whom, as a counter-hand, she was wont to pluck. The pigeon has made as unprofitable a flight in letters as in grocery and needs rescue. But Oliver Sheldon in the play has so dwindled from the Oliver of the novel that I could not have mourned had he vanished altogether and the new-crowned Aida of the "movies," Frenchified to suit our English faith that a foreigner is always our better, is not such excellent company as the Miss Stebbing who slapped the margarine and gave back answers across the grocer's counter. The press-puffed cinema-queen is an institution so preposterous that she satirizes herself and the bladder of her vanity does not need to be pricked with the sharp edge of Mr. Agate's pen. But his wit is not wasted on the ardours and endurances of the ex-officer turned amateur chandler. One of the liveliest passages of a lively book is that in which Sheldon talks intimate "shop," and the best part of the Agate-Openshaw stage-version is that in which we see Miss Stebbing give practical enforcement to the economic law of diminishing returns. Here is Eve in overalls, the actuality and not the tinsel of the "vamp." Pile Lonsdale upon Coward and both on Arlen, and what remains? Nothing that is half as interesting as a grocer's shop. My grievance against Mr. Agate is that he first led us up the Belladonna Road and then led us out of it.

THROUGH AGRICULTURAL SPECTACLES

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

I—THE FARM LABOURER

THE farm labourer is concerned with essentials. Food and work are the two things that chiefly interest him, for his background is the range of open fields whose produce springs to life as food beneath his hands, and he sees its lines a little harshly because he has been underpaid almost without a break since the well-meant Poor Law of Elizabeth made his wage the residuum of all wages. For him it has not been so much a question of "bettering his conditions" (though there are men to-day who can remember working fifty-five hours a week as boys for 2s. 6d.) as of procuring the minimum of food to support existence, and the strange thing is that although the memory of centuries of want and unfair treatment seems to have soaked itself into the very soil that he works, he still contrives to be remarkably loyal to his employer and interested in his job.

It is the interest of his work that is the explanation of this. Unlike those who make hundreds of thousands of door-handles for motor-cars they never see, he is responsible for the complete operation of preparing the ground, sowing the corn, harvesting, threshing, and taking it to market. His work crowns his labour, and day by day he can watch the progress of the crop that he has sown, and feel a personal pride in the

fruits of his labour, largely dependent as they are upon his skill. He respects his employer as a fellow agriculturist, and is responsive to the minor charities that he expects from him, but his reluctance to strike is due far more to his love for the soil and what it supports than to the fact that the bond between his employer and himself is usually a close and personal one. The sight of sheep untended and the harvest rotting on the ground would outrage his conscience. Just as he has a strong superstition that it is wrong to throw a piece of bread into the fire, so he would feel that, by wasting food, he was violating some instinctive principle and would bring down swift retribution upon his own head. It is the focussing of his attention so completely upon food and work that accounts for the extraordinary sterility of his mind on almost every other subject. Hitherto his mental muscles, if one may use the term, have been atrophied by his concentration on the use of his physical muscles, with the result that he has no elasticity of mind, no power of imagination to urge him towards enterprise or initiative. His outlook is founded upon custom and prejudice, and he has all the secret pride in obstinacy of the wilfully pig-headed.

As a craftsman, until now he has shown himself extremely versatile, especially if it be remembered that all his skill is self-taught. In addition to the ordinary operations of drilling, harrowing, reaping and ploughing (and it is said to take three years to make a ploughboy), he has acquired a good knowledge of the management of stock and horses, of farm carpentry and farm mechanics, of hedging, ditching, thatching, ricking and hurdling, and even bricklaying. He knows a little of practical botany and natural history, is not a bad weather prophet, and is a shrewd critic of farming methods. In this respect he is anything but a fool. Working on a broad canvas, he has a knack of seeing things in his industry direct and from a common-sense point of view, to which Lord Robert Cecil bore witness in a letter to *The Times* in 1919, wherein he wrote :

At the last election in one of the villages in my constituency there was apparent a strong anti-employer feeling, and I was told that it was due to the fact that the local farmer, an incompetent man, declined to listen to the advice of the men employed by him, who had far greater experience in agriculture than he had. They argued that he was not only ruining himself, which was his affair, but in so doing was ruining, or likely to ruin, them also, and that it was intolerable . . .

The development of such a point of view is by no means general, and the process is exceedingly slow. Its tendency is not so much to shake their loyalty to their employers as to arouse their suspicions that the industry is not receiving the attention that it merits ; it is the system, not the man, that they suspect. But it is typical of them that they have left things at that —vague suspicions and much talk that leads nowhere, the querulous, unconstructive criticism of inefficient and slothful minds.

Naturally, such suspicions have not made the farm worker any more contented, and in Norfolk there is a strong anti-employer, anti-capitalist feeling, which has gone so far as to result in an agricultural strike. It is nothing like the "Bolshevism" found in the industrial north, but it has created a restlessness that asks for better conditions of living altogether than the addition of a shilling or two per week. They complain that at one-and-twenty a farm worker reaches the summit of his earning powers for the whole of his life (and this only a bare subsistence), and that such limited possibilities amount almost to slavery ; they feel there should be fewer obstacles in the way of a good but unmoneied agriculturist who wishes to work a holding of his own, and throughout rural England there is this universal land-hunger. Nor can it be denied that reason is largely on their side. A few are more bitter and would like to see the land nationalized,

with farmers put in as salaried bailiffs by the State. This vague feeling of having been unfairly treated by the classes who hitherto have ruled them also manifests itself in hostility to the Church, not on religious grounds, but because the parson, in their eyes, is a landowner, because he lives on tithes and therefore burdens their industry, and because he is one of the representatives of the system which they blame for their poverty. They have lost their fear of him, and he has, in some cases, lost his sympathy with them, so that in many villages the personal bond between the farm labourer and the Church has disappeared, and once religion becomes a matter of impersonal relationships, it always degenerates into an aggravating code of rules that invites hostility. For these reasons an increasing number of the agricultural population is finding the more informal and democratic methods of "the Chapel" of stronger appeal to the religious instincts that they undoubtedly have.

On the social side much has been done to make village conditions happier, the two chief mediums being the motor-bus and the village institute. The motor-bus brings contact with the outside world of the neighbouring town, and with men of different thoughts and different work, while the women's institute has tended to consolidate a sense of interdependence among villagers, and has acted in some degree as a mental stimulus by its lectures, dances, and entertainments. But there are some parts of England where neither bus nor institute has penetrated, and there are many more where their arrival has left the rustic little better off. For there is always a danger with the women's institute movement that it may degenerate into a conspiracy for getting something for nothing, in which the bulk of the members look to a few of the more prominent residents to "amuse" them once a month. Mothers' Meetings and Lady Bountifuls have a great deal to answer for in respect of the backward mentality of English villages. Similarly the linking up with the towns by motor-bus not infrequently does nothing but accelerate the rural desire to migrate. Having little consciousness of himself either as an individual or as an agriculturist, with little imagination, and instincts rather than intelligence, the farm labourer derives chiefly a feeling of vague unrest from his visits into the town, a general sense of dissatisfaction that his lack of initiative and reasoning power prevent him from transmuting into wholesome ambition and practical enterprise in his own job. Meanwhile his old craftsmanship is falling daily into greater disuse, for while he argues that the more skilled arts, such as hurdling, thatching, etc., need experience and trouble to acquire and are therefore worthy of higher rates of pay, his employers state that they cannot afford to pay them.

But there must be some means of striking again the balance between agricultural profits and agricultural skill, just as it ought not to be beyond the wit of man to find some scheme that will give the enterprising cottager better opportunities and wider scope for development. It is worth making the effort, for there is sound material to work upon. Not the least of the virtues in the background of the farm labourer's character are patience, loyalty, common-sense and a capacity for hard work, and these are not so much in evidence elsewhere that they can be ignored when found growing naturally from roots deep-set in the history and evolution of our land.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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CORRESPONDENCE
AN ENTERPRISE IN EDUCATION
[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

SPEAKING in the House of Commons upon the Education Estimates, Lord Hugh Cecil is reported to have said that he would make reading the basis of education, he would have it taught thoroughly, and that was all he would give the ordinary child. What can any child need more? If he is "taught thoroughly" to read, he holds the key of the Universe, and nothing can hinder him from reading therein what he wants to learn. The difficulty for the educator is to determine what is implied in this "thorough" teaching. Thackeray's Miss Pinkerton bestowed upon her pupils as a parting gift 'Dr. Johnson's Dictionay.' Doubtless none but Becky Sharp would have treated the work of the great lexicographer with quite such obvious disrespect; but one wonders whether any one of her schoolfellowes truly valued it as an aid to the understanding of the world and of her own place therein. Probably none of them so valued it, for the intuitions of the young are generally right, and one cannot explain even the meanings of words merely by using other words. A word is fully understood only in the light of such experiences as first made the word necessary. Educational Reformers in the sixteenth century were insisting upon a study of *things* before *words*; but there is a strong tendency in modern times to feed the minds of children upon words, and to teach them to rely for their education almost exclusively upon books, which they understand in a less or greater degree according to the experiences they may or may not have had. One has but to re-read a book, read last in one's childhood, to realize how much clearer its meaning has become through later experiences.

Some educators make laudable efforts to take their pupils outside the schoolroom, but this is only half the battle. When outside they need not only fresh air and bodily exercise, but they need also a guide to show them how to "come and look and see and know." An attempt to give in some degree this opportunity and guidance has been made every summer for several years by Challoner School in London. Those girls whose parents are in sympathy with the plan are taken into the country for part of the Summer Term. Certain members of the staff accompany them or visit them while they are away, and the rest of the school works on as usual in town. A big furnished house is rented as head-quarters, but the girls study and play and eat and rest out of doors whenever the weather allows. More work is done than usual, for there is no Saturday holiday, and school-time lasts from nine o'clock in the morning till six or seven in the evening. A different district is selected in each year. The Chiltern Hills, the North Downs, Hardy's Country, the Weald and the South Downs and the Hindhead district have each in turn served as a basis for study, which has touched upon almost every subject in the usual school curriculum. Mathematics are studied by surveying and mapping-out at least a part of the district; geography by examining soils, vegetation and water-supply which are seen in their relation to one another and as agents in determining the sites of villages and towns and the direction of roads; history by a study of local conditions and the industries which spring from them.

This study of local conditions takes place usually in the mornings, when expeditions are made, on foot or otherwise, within a fairly wide radius. The afternoons are occupied by the pupils in discussing their experiences with specialist teachers and in making their own note-books and diaries. The evenings are taken up as a rule in singing folk-songs and dancing folk-dances out-of-doors, and sometimes in producing an original

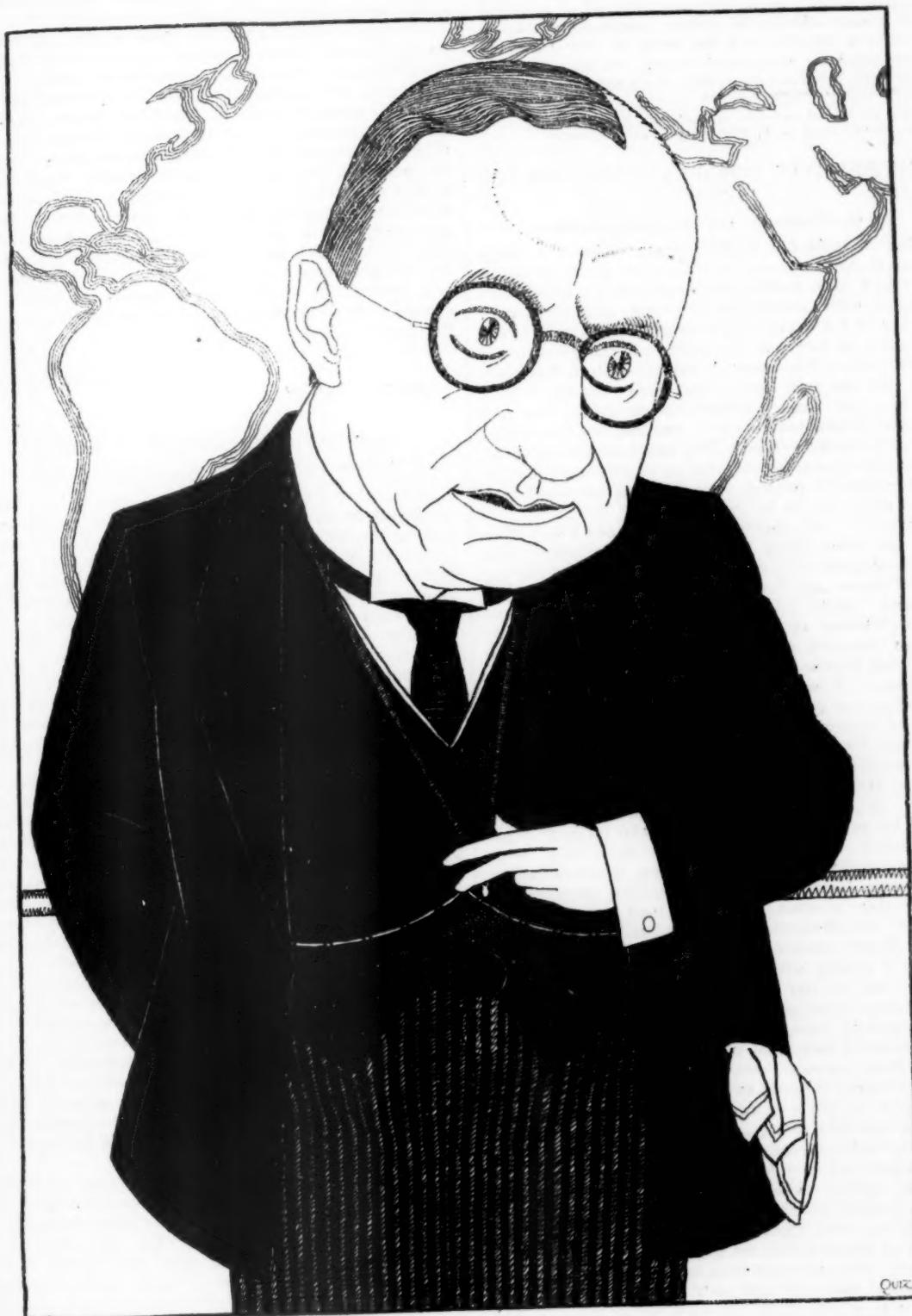
play. At the close of the time in the country a meeting is usually held at which sketches, drawings and models made by the girls are shown to their parents and friends, and each girl is expected to read in public a paper written by herself upon a topic which she has selected from studies made in the country. As an occasional alternative these papers are published in the School Magazine.

"Country School," as it is called, was held this year at Fernhurst, a little village on the edge of the Sussex Weald, from which expeditions were made as far as Selsey in one direction and Guildford in another. The slope and "weathering" and the vegetation of the chalk downs, the greensand and the Weald were compared; local industries were studied, including the ancient iron works of which the sites can still be seen, and a modern factory of walking-sticks. Chichester Cathedral and Guildford Castle were explored as well as Haslemere Museum and the Watts Picture Gallery. By the kindness of the parents of one girl it was made possible for the school to visit the Pinckard Remount Depot at Chiddingfold, and there to learn how the horses and mules are brought to England and tested and prepared for work in the Army. The girls, most of whom ride and are accustomed to horses, were much gratified at this opportunity. At this Depot, in its beautiful surroundings, they showed the keenest interest in the various breeds of horses and their work. Here were Welsh and Irish Artillery Pack Horses, used for carrying light-weight guns, and the famous breed of Suffolk Punches—these last from fifteen to sixteen hands high and very strong: eighteen are used to pull a 20-pounder gun. Despite their strength they are extremely gentle. It was most amusing to see the horses being given a physic ball. The ball is in the shape of a bullet, and is thrust well down the horse's throat so as to prevent it from biting. The pill can be seen going down the animal's throat, as it is so large. The forge proved of immense interest, especially the method whereby old motor tyres are brought into use when shoeing the horses. A suitable piece of rubber is cut out into the shape of the frog, and is then fitted into the shoe. This rubber pad is to prevent concussion of the foot, and also prevents the horse slipping on tarred roads. The last but by no means least interesting thing to be seen were the mules. These mules are a wonderfully matched herd, and it took the owner several years to collect them all. The herd is 105 in number, all having the straight back from the withers to the hind-quarters, thus denoting their ability to carry packs. They are very timid animals, and their one vice is kicking. They are splendid workers when really "put to it," but they are rather inclined to be stubborn.

The School Journey now offers to become something of an institution in our elementary and secondary schools; but it is not yet recognized that all children, however wide their opportunities for later travel, may gain permanent and invaluable training for life by roaming in the more or less familiar regions of their native land, in free and happy intercourse with their school-fellowes, and under the guidance of those who can help them to interpret the varied experiences with which they meet. This is the best way in which to learn thoroughly how to read.

Chambers's Journal for September contains interesting studies and stories from 'The Bush Negroes of Dutch Guiana' to fishing (its fishing stories and papers are always good), to cable-laying and the migration of swallows. The stories are sound and wholesome. A paper on 'Siamese Superstitions' is especially good.

Cornhill for September, in addition to Mr. Weyman's novel and some short stories, has a study of Mr. Sargent by Mr. G. P. Jacob Hood, very good and full of personal touches; but it could be interpreted in the Russian way—by what is not said. Mr. Malcolm Letts is attracted by the social side of Dr. Johnson's life—he must have nearly held "the world's record" as a dinner-out when he was 70—but we think the late Mr. George W. E. Russell or O. B. would have come near him.



Dramatis Personae. No. 167.

By "QUIK."

MR. J. L. GARVIN

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

"PROGRESSIVE" CONSERVATIVES AND THE LAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Nobody can doubt that the Cabinet is really anxious to do things—great things and plenty of them. It has dealt, or is dealing, with pensions for the widows and aged, with assessments and rates, with tithe, etc., etc., and at the expense of universal uneasiness to the community at large, it has staved off the great strike and given us a few months' respite, while it has composed, for the time being, the textile dispute. It is true that we Conservatives cannot claim that the Government has done much to promote the two things absolutely needful—Tranquillity and Economy—but for platform purposes the long list of measures passed, or in the course of passing, is something of which any caucus leader might be proud.

Nevertheless, in spite of the great record which Ministers can show, there is good reason to believe that the demagogues of the party have again got the ear of the Premier and that we shall soon see a Conservative land "stunt" in full swing, aided and abetted by the Minister of Agriculture, who has apparently gone to Denmark to acquire a deep-seated conviction that Small Holdings would be the salvation of British agriculture. From the tone of his speeches since he took office one gathers that Mr. Wood considers that our land system has broken down and that the best substitute for it would be a vast scheme of peasant proprietorship.

Under the English land system agricultural land is mostly—i.e., as to about three-fourths of its area—owned by people called landlords, who let it at rents representing its agricultural value only, such rents being generally distinctly lower than is warranted by the existing demand for land for farming purposes. A considerable portion of such land has a development, or prospective, value, but of course the farmer is not concerned with this so long as he is a tenant; it is only when he comes to buy that he finds that he has to pay for something besides the bare agricultural value of the land. This is one of the advantages of hiring rather than buying a farm in a well-populated industrial country like England.

The main reason, however, why the landlord-and-tenant system continues to exist, though in a diminishing degree, is that a farmer can hire land more cheaply than he can hire money. The explanation of this is that the landlord retains the prospective, or development value and that he also, as a rule, reserves the sporting rights, while it has always been the custom in this country to consider the ability and stability of a tenant as more important than a rack-rent, so that, in spite of the fact that the expenses of upkeep, insurance, etc., etc., have doubled in the last eleven years, agricultural rents are not as a rule more than 15 to 20 per cent. higher than they were before the war. The truth is that the banker and the mortgagee always insist, quite naturally, upon their pounds of flesh, but the landlord is content to take a portion of the interest on his property in the form of future development values, another fraction in the form of sporting amenities and to allow sentiment and tradition to have a certain say in fixing the remainder. Whether this system is, in itself, better or worse than a system of

occupying ownership is, of course, arguable, but it has at least this merit—that it has enabled English agriculture to weather the storm of the fiercest foreign competition to which any land system in any country in the whole wide world has ever been subjected.

There is no doubt that the report of the Committee on the financial position of Government Smallholdings is causing our rulers serious perturbation, and as soon as he gets into harness again the Minister for Agriculture will probably seek to apply the lessons he has learnt in Denmark to our own Smallholdings system. If this is the case one can only hope that he will apply the whole of the lessons wholeheartedly, since their partial application can only result in a great increase of officialism and serious addition to our already staggering burden of imperial and local taxation. The chief lesson which the peasant proprietors of Denmark and France have to teach us is that of "strenuous and unremitting industry"—a quality in which all classes of English people have been sadly lacking since the war.

I am, etc.,
C. F. RYDER

Thurlow, Suffolk

THE NATIONALIZATION OF MINES

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I be allowed to make one or two brief comments on the reasons you give for reluctantly supporting the nationalization of mines? If I understand your view of the present condition of the mining industry, it is that the mines can no longer be worked at a profit, and as the owners cannot be expected to face losses indefinitely there is no way out of the difficulty other than nationalization. You do not believe, apparently, that nationalization will produce any improvement in the industry; it will continue to make losses instead of profits, but as the country cannot yet dispense with the use of coal it must bear the loss incurred by keeping the coal mines working. This is, I think, a fair summary of your views.

Is it not a mistake, and playing into the hands of the Socialists, to assume that coal mining can never again be a profitable enterprise? Before that assumption can be generally accepted the causes of the industry's inability to produce profits will need the most exhaustive investigation. To make the industry unprofitable to the owners was the declared policy of the 'Miners' Next Step,' of which Mr. A. J. Cook was one of the authors. It was stated in that pamphlet that if the mines could not be worked at a profit, the owners would not, as you suggest, face losses indefinitely, and the sequel would be the nationalization of the mines. Has this policy been adopted by the miners and is the present state of the industry due largely to the restrictive methods imposed by the extreme leaders of the miners? I believe that the Socialistic policy of the miners' leaders, aided by State interference—the Seven Hour Act, for example—has contributed very greatly to the failure of the industry to maintain its position.

If this view is correct, would the situation be in any way improved by nationalization? You admit that the losses would probably continue and that nationalization is generally objectionable. But you think that "nationalization will come, and had better come through Conservative agency, as a strictly limited scheme, than through Socialist agency, as a general revolution." You do not, however, suggest how a Conservative Government could strictly limit the scheme of nationalization, and "confine its application to coal." If the present Government should agree to the Socialist demand for the nationalization of mines, its case against the nationalization of land, railways, etc., would be so weakened that it would be impossible for the Conservative Party to put up a real fight against Socialism. The Socialists point out that the

nationalization of mines involves many other industries, and if the former are nationalized the rest will be brought under State ownership sooner or later.

There is one other point to which I would like to refer. If, because the mining industry is making losses it must be nationalized, does this apply to other industries that are run at a loss, or may in the future be unable to make profits for their owners? If so, we have only to remember what Mr. Cook and his colleagues said about destroying the profit-making basis of the mining industry, to see that the same tactics may be applied to, say, railways in order to force the nationalization of railways. In fact this issue in respect to railways will probably be raised in the very near future, and what answer would a Conservative or any other Government have if it had already agreed to the nationalization of mines, because the owners were unable to grant the demands of the miners without incurring heavy losses?

The economic consequences of the State running the mines at a loss is also a question requiring very serious consideration, but I will not trespass further upon your space.

I am, etc.,
W. FAULKNER

53 Westfield Road, Surbiton, Surrey

[One undoubted advantage of nationalization of the mines coming—if it must come—through a Conservative Government rather than through a Socialist Government, is that proper compensation would be paid. Thus a valuable precedent would be set which would almost certainly be followed were a Socialist Government ever to introduce nationalization of other industries.—ED. S.R.]

MOSUL AND THE LEAGUE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR.—It has been observed that Press criticisms of the report of the League of Nations' Mosul Commission are tantamount to suggestions that the British Government should not accept the League Council's decision, whatever it may be, as to the ultimate frontier between Turkey and Irak.

The Mosul Commission was appointed by the League Council to investigate and report on the suitability of the frontiers claimed by Great Britain and Turkey or, if necessary, suggest another alignment within the disputed area. At the forthcoming meeting of the League Council the Commission's report will be presented to that body, and the judgment thereon will be subject to any comments which may be offered by the British or Turkish representatives. There is, therefore, no apparent reason why the report in question should not be criticized in the British Press as well as in the quasi-official organs of the Government at Angora. The insinuation that the British Government will not abide by the Council's ruling, should it be unfavourable to our interests, is Turkish propaganda, pure and simple, designed to lessen the onus which the Turks might incur should they deem it expedient or possible to maintain their present intractability and themselves ignore the decision of the League of Nations.

It is extremely doubtful whether the Turks' desire to recover the Mosul Vilayet is based, as Angora represents, on the reputed necessity for all Kurdish territory being included within the Turkish frontiers. The Kurds in Irak form only a small proportion of that race (being in Irak, also, but a minority); and the manner in which the Turks succeeded in suppressing the recent insurrection of their own tribes shows that they have but little to fear from any pan-Kurd movement on a large scale. Further, there is a far greater number of Kurds in Persia than in Irak, while in Russian territory they form a considerable community. But, whatever country they inhabit, the Kurds possess no "national consciousness" and have proved them-

selves to be nothing more—or less—than a petty nuisance to the Government compelled by various reasons to include them within her borders.

Why, then, do the Turks desire to recover the Mosul Vilayet? The Province, in itself, if severed from Irak, can be of no use to the Turks; for, in such circumstances, its agricultural and hypothetical mineral wealth would be unexploitable owing to the absence of any means of communication with the seaboard; its administration would be dangerous, costly and unremunerative. On the other hand, strategically and for economic reasons, possession of the disputed area is a *sine qua non* to the continued existence of the Irak State. Thus, from the importunity of the Turks in demanding the restitution of the whole Vilayet, it is impossible not to believe that their ultimate objective in this direction is the re-occupation of all Irak.

The Council of the League of Nations, therefore, is not called upon merely to settle a trivial boundary disagreement, but to decide whether the Arabs of Irak are to return to the Turkish yoke, whether the numerous Christian minorities are to be handed over to the fate which has overtaken their co-religionists further north and, incidentally, whether we are to retain control of only the head of the Persian Gulf under conditions which would necessitate our maintaining there a garrison, unsupported by local troops, greater than that which now, without serious difficulty, preserves law and order in the present area of our occupation. Upon the outcome of these problems depend the manner in which the French shall administer Syria and our mode of protecting Palestine and the Suez Canal.

I am, etc.,
" SHAHID "

Surrey

PATER O'FLYNN

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR.—I was much interested in the Latin version of 'Father O'Flynn' published in your issue of August 22. I venture to submit another version, which, whatever its demerits, adheres more closely to the original. It is the work of one who is not only an Ulsterman but an Orangeman.

FLINNIUS PATER

Est insulae huic sacerdotum varietas,
Quae sunt paeclarae doctrina et pietas,

Flos tamen horum (sit salva proprietas)

Flinnius noster est, non dubito.

Sis longaevus, o Flinni pater,
Non in Hibernia talis est vir.

Eloquentissime,
Pastor mitissime,
Et benignissime, Flinni, homo.

Doctos Collegium continet Trinitas,
Graecitas illic viget et Latinitas,

Floret ut Satanus illic divinitas—

Vera das omnibus, Flinni pater.

Logicam tractas, nec est tibi par,

Atque (sit nobis propitius Lar)

Res mythologicas

Et theologicas

Et conchologicas, unice vir!

Es, mi patercula, blandus in moribus,
Oras volentibus cum peccatoribus,

Ludis gaudentibus cum junioribus,

Es tu in oribus perpetuo.

Quamvis ingeniumst mite tuum,

Ingens in gregem est imperium,

Cohibens saevos,

Iliciens pravos,

Urgens ignavos tuo baculo!

Abest inepta a te jocularitas,
Attamen cum vocat te hospitalitas,

Sine rivali est tua hilaritas.

Nec fuit paritas ulla tibi.

Tulit episcopus male jocum,

Risit sed ipse dicentem te " Num

Vir clericalis

Nil habent salis?

Sumus Hiberni nos et clerici."

Sis longaeus, o Flinni pater,
Non in Hibernia talis est vir,
Eloquentissime,
Pastor mitissime,
Et benignissime, Flinni, homo.

I am, etc.,
RICHARD F. PATTERSON

Graham's Dyke, Bearsden, Dumbartonshire

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I had intended to suggest one or two verbal emendations in Stanza IV.

In line 2 : " In verba Flynnica multum miratus est " is not Latin. " Miror " takes the accusative. I suggest " Flynnii facetias multum miratus est." For lines 6 and 7 I suggest :

Clerici nonne gaudere debent?
Fas nonne clericis esse Hibernico.

This is a trifle nearer to correct prosody than the original version, though still some way off.

I am, etc.,
" PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS "

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The slightly inaccurate Latin version of 'Father O'Flynn,' printed in the correspondence columns of your issue of August 22, was made by one, Father Alphonsus. Alphonsus what, I do not know, nor do I know if he was a Cistercian (Reformed Cistercian=Trappist). The missing word in Verse II is " loquaculi."

Unsatisfactory as this Latin version may be, surely it is a thousand times better than the " stage Irish " and sloppy sentiment of the original?

I am, etc.,
DONALD ATTWATER

CHORLEY, BEETHOVEN AND WEBER

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—When I expressed my astonishment at Chorley's statement to the effect that " Beethoven and Weber were becoming known in England," I did not overlook the fact that the author might be referring to a period considerably earlier than 1862. His book is entitled ' Thirty Years' Musical Recollections.' But, granting to Mr. Newman that he was writing about the early 'twenties, the statement, in so far as it relates to Beethoven, continues to astonish me. All the programmes of the Royal Philharmonic Society's first season (1813) contain some work by Beethoven, and during the following years his name appears persistently, often in connexion with first performances in England, which were usually given very soon after the completion of the various compositions. It is well known how the Society assisted Beethoven financially on several occasions, the most important being the commission for a Symphony (the Ninth) in 1822. These facts alone, apart from other indications in contemporary literature, testify to the high esteem in which Beethoven was held by Englishmen during the last ten years and more of his life. As to Weber, ' Der Freischütz ' was performed in London in 1824, in which year the overture appears in the Philharmonic programmes for the first time. Thereafter his works were given frequently, and in 1826 ' Oberon,' which was written for London, was produced at Covent Garden. Supposing Chorley to be writing about the 'twenties, and not about the 'thirties, as I assumed from the title of his book, he was right about Weber but wrong about Beethoven.

I am, etc.,
DYNELEY HUSSEY

21 Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn

SATELLITE TOWNS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In your review of Mr. C. B. Purdon's book, ' Satellite Towns,' there are appreciative references to my work as a Housing and Town Planning reformer. Your reviewer's kind remarks are, however, somewhat discounted by the suggestion of my having departed this life, as conveyed by the reference to " the late Mr. Ebenezer Howard."

It is true I left this country last March, but I landed safely in the United States to act as President of the International Federation for Town and Country Planning and Garden Cities. I am back in England now, as full of enthusiasm for the great liberating idea as ever; and have just received another invitation from the U.S.A. to go there again in pursuance of the Garden City campaign.

I am, etc.,

EBENEZER HOWARD

5 Guessens Road, Welwyn Garden City

[We greatly regret our reviewer's error, and offer Mr. Howard our apologies.—ED. S.R.]

PIONEER WORK FOR ANIMALS IN NORTH AFRICA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The first Annual Meeting of the Society for the Protection of Animals in North Africa was held last June. Lantern slides were shown of the founder, Mrs. Frances K. Hosali, treating sores and injuries of Arab pack animals in the native stables and market places of Algerian and Moroccan villages. Before she started her work kindness to animals was undreamt of among the primitive tribes of N. Africa; in their thoughtlessness they would tie a wild canary to a string, so that when hung round a child's neck as a pendant its struggles might amuse the child. Mrs. Hosali, aided by Arab workers trained by herself, is treating the pack animals in twenty-five towns, her work covering an area twice the size of England. Every day she is begged (often by Arabs) to go to fresh villages in which the animals are in a deplorable condition. More money is urgently needed for local labour, medicaments and humane education, and better conditions for dogs. Anyone who has seen the processions of sad-faced donkeys, plodding patiently along, cruel loads bearing on raw backs, grass harness bands sawing unmercifully to and fro across bleeding hind legs, senselessly beaten on the head and legs; or wistful dogs' eyes through the bars of the filthy damp fourrière cages, mutely begging to be saved from thirst, starvation and the horrors of a cruel death, would do all in their power for these hapless sufferers. This pioneer work cannot be effective without increased support, and we beg for subscriptions, donations, or articles for sale in aid of our funds, or any other form of help.

I am, etc.,

N. HOSALI,
Hon. Asst. Secretary

Society for the Protection of Animals in North Africa, 105 Jermyn Street, S.W.1

CANTERBURY OR ROME?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The Bishop of Rome claims to be the infallible Head of the Catholic Church, i.e., the whole of Christendom throughout the world. He is elected by the College of Cardinals. But the vast majority of the Sacred College are invariably Italians, because the seat of operations is Rome, the capital of Italy. Therefore the guiding principle of the Sacred College is Italian and therefore local and not Catholic. Consequently the Papal claim to universal supremacy is non-Catholic because in origin it is local and Italian.

I am, etc.,

F. A. GAGE HALL

Royal Societies Club, St. James's Street, S.W.1

NEW FICTION

By GERALD BULLETT

Rachel Marr. By Morley Roberts. Nash and Grayson. 7s. 6d. net.

Son of Amitai. By Robert Nathan. Heinemann. 6s. net.

Autumn. By Ladislas St. Reymont. Jarrold. 7s. 6d. net.

'RACHEL MARR' has had to wait twenty-two years for her resurrection, but she has lost nothing of her freshness and radiance. Very few forgotten novels of that period more richly deserve resurrection; and it is safe to say that not one bears so little evidence of its date. For Mr. Morley Roberts chose a simple and splendid theme that was exactly suited to his considerable talents; he attempted, and with signal success, no less than a dramatization of the eternal conflict between two attitudes of mind which may be roughly designated puritanism and paganism. These terms are not adequate, but they will serve. Anthony Perran is a fine figure of a man, proud, passionate, magnificently master of himself; but his life is distorted, his mind perverted, by a religion that regards all beauty as the Devil's snare. Admirable in his capacity for renunciation, he is yet almost contemptible by reason of his perpetual solicitude for the safety of his own soul. He is in love with Rachel Marr, whom he will not marry because she is, nominally, a Roman Catholic. This is his ostensible reason for avoiding her, but the real reason lies deeper. Long years of deliberate self-abnegation have induced in him the monstrous habit of shunning all his desires and embracing mortification wherever he can find it. This vicious perversion is, in effect, the sword that lies between him and Rachel.

As Anthony rode off across the field he desired to turn in his saddle, and once more see Rachel standing by the gate. And he would not; for this was the warped nature of the man, that any natural desire seemed alien from God, and even the affections of the heart were only less evil than the lusts of the flesh.

Things that he liked he put away from himself. This was a sacrifice that found favour with the deity he worshipped.

"God give me strength to deny myself always!" said Anthony.

He came nearer and nearer to an incapacity for distinguishing between God's desires and the devil's, both being expressed in himself. There seemed no safety, unless heaven spoke in clear tones, save in doing that which he did not desire. He felt no human margin for those sweet thoughts which spring only from sweet human nature. The inclination that he felt to stay with Rachel . . . was a thing to be crushed and trodden on.

He went to Winifred Perran instead because he did not desire her, and because she was of no alien creed. The vice of his religion grew in him like a cancer, and he hugged his heavenly safety to himself, because he had as yet not known the might of the flesh. And always, always, under the outward current of his mind, there were strange thoughts growing, and he dreamed of wild passion.

This quotation does Mr. Morley Roberts a certain injustice, for it illustrates the faults of his book rather than its merits. The most obvious fault is that, being a little over-conscious of his "message," he is inclined to labour it, and to make explicit, with an excess of words, what might have proved still more powerful in its effect on the reader had it been left implied. Anthony immolates himself, with barbarous enthusiasm, on the altar of his false god; Rachel, who loves him, is alight with a sense of life's sanctity and beauty, knowing that between body and spirit there should be no division; and here and there, as one reads, one suspects that these two characters are perhaps too neatly contrasted. But the doubt does not persist. Both characters—Rachel certainly,

Anthony more dubiously—succeed in being significant symbols without ceasing to be individuals. Rachel herself is, as George Gissing declared, grandly imagined, ardently and subtly bodied forth, an admirable tragic figure on whose portrayal Mr. Roberts has spent himself without stint. The significance of the whole story, which contains more than one memorable scene, is enhanced throughout by the music and passion of the prose in which it is written.

Mr. Robert Nathan has followed up his delightful little book, 'The Puppet Master,' with a story equally brief and even more delightful. It is the story of Jonah: how he prophesied war and became the hero of his village; how he loved Judith, the niece and ward of Prince Ahab, and was jilted by her; how, having defied God, he was thrown into the jaws of the whale. It is written gracefully, sympathetically, with many a touch of tenderness and humour, and many a touch of urbane irony:

As he sat there, his head bowed upon his hand, a fox came out of a hole and, seeing Jonah, exclaimed:

"There is the man of God."

Touched and astonished at this mark of recognition, Jonah offered the little animal some meal with which he had expected to make his own supper. Then the fox lay down beside Jonah and remarked:

"I am not a theologian. So I do not understand the wars of Judah and the other tribes. However, I would like to ask you something. When I go down into my hole, God goes down after me. What I want to know is this: Is He a Jew or a fox?"

This prepares us for some pleasant audacities that are to follow. There is, for example, a dialogue in heaven that faintly reminds one of Anatole France and is not unworthy of that master. God, holding conference with Moses and Noah, thus delivers Himself:

"You are right," said God; "we need the sea; it will give him peace. But as a matter of fact, I do not care whether he finds peace or not. As I have told you, I simply wish this poet to understand that I am God, and not Baal of Canaan. The attempt to confuse Me with a sun-myth, with the fertility of earth as symbolized by the figure of a bull, or a dove, vexes me. Increase is man's affair, not God's. Besides, where will all this increase end? I regret the days of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden. Already there are more people on earth than I have any use for, socially speaking. Now I could wish there were more beauty in the world. I should like some poet to speak of Me in words other than those of a patriot. Yet if I try to explain Myself, who will understand Me? Not even you, Moses, with all your wisdom. And so I, in turn, must forget My wisdom, in order to explain Myself. I must act as the not-too-wise God of an ignorant people. That this is possible is due to the fact that along with infinite wisdom, I include within Myself an equal amount of ignorance."

'Autumn' is the first quarter of a work entitled 'The Peasants,' which was awarded the Nobel Prize last year. It is an extremely interesting production, but one cannot help regretting that it was found impossible, or considered inexpedient, to publish the four parts simultaneously, for until one has had an opportunity of seeing the thing as a whole no adequate judgment can be formed. The translation by Mr. Michael H. Dziewicki, though pleasant and workman-like on the whole, is blemished by occasional Americanisms. Ladislas St. Reymont, a Polish novelist now in his sixties, has lived a very full and various life, and he writes of the Polish peasantry out of the fullness of his knowledge. His style has that air of brooding patience that a work on so large a scale demands; his drawing is vigorous and sure; but whether the conception was worth the long labour of the execution is something that remains to be seen. This first volume does little more than set the scene, present an admirable diversity of characters, and begin the story. Boryna, an elderly peasant proprietor, has recently lost his second wife and is beginning to look round for a third. His choice falls on Yagna, a comely young woman who happens to be the secret mistress of his son Antek. He woos and wins her, and the volume ends with the marriage feast and a hint of disaster.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

THE most popular book of the week is 'Memoirs' by Sir Almeric Fitzroy (Hutchinson, 42s. net), which we shall notice at length in our next issue. The most important is 'Collected Plays' by Mr. John Drinkwater (Sidgwick and Jackson, two volumes, 8s. 6d. net each). The appearance of this dramatic writer's work in this form would in any case have raised the question whether, for all the success he has achieved, he is exactly a dramatist; his interesting preface to this comely and moderately priced edition defines the issue more precisely. As regards his plays about historical characters, Mr. Drinkwater now tells us, "my intention was not the exhaustive presentation of a character but the dramatization of a theme." So far so good. But has it not at times seemed that Mr. Drinkwater was less dramatizing a theme than giving us, with much skill, a series of tableaux? Here, however, the plays are, each in some sense a success, though as a whole they may leave us wondering whether his aim is strictly dramatic.

That Shakespeare's sonnets should be read in some order other than that in which their original publisher presented them has been pretty generally felt since Knight made his suggestions in 1843. The tendency to rearrange them was temporarily checked by Dowden, but has reasserted itself even more strongly in recent years. The latest attempt, 'The Original Order of Shakespeare's Sonnets' (Methuen, 5s. net), is by Sir Denys Bray, who comes forward with no new theory about the experiences obscurely expressed in those great poems, but relies entirely on the mechanical coupling of sonnet to sonnet by rhyme-link. A book like this is obviously not to be judged at a glance, but Sir Denys Bray seems to have made out a *prima facie* case. It is true that he sometimes appears to be arguing in forgetfulness of the fact that the number of rhyming words in the language is limited, and that recurrence of those words is to be expected, but the instances in which there is at least a suspicion of deliberate repetition are numerous enough to deserve attention.

The new instalment of Marcel Proust, 'The Guermantes Way' (Chatto and Windus, two volumes, 7s. 6d. net each), will not be published till next week, and must therefore be no more than mentioned here, for the benefit of the faithful.

'Sons and Fathers,' the twenty-eighth volume in the excellent Contemporary British Dramatists series issued by Messrs. Benn, gives us a striking example of the work of Mr. Allan Monkhouse, and the frequency with which additions are made to the series is welcome evidence that the habit of reading plays is growing.

Sir Edmund Gosse's new volume of literary essays, 'Silhouettes' (Heinemann), is exceedingly fortunate in its title. Its author is never happier than when presenting a summary of a writer's work and personality. His essays are easy reading, and often look as if they had been written with great ease, as perhaps they may have been. But only a very unusual talent for seizing the essential and passing over what is less characteristic could have enabled him to produce them. The reader has only to try his own hand at this kind of literary portraiture to discover that it is enormously more difficult than it appears to be. To distribute emphasis so justly over a composition requires an art which is not the less remarkable because by now it has become nature with Sir Edmund Gosse. We are in Italy proper in 'Little Dressmakers in Love' (Methuen, 8s. 6d. net), by Yoi Maraini whose work is known to our readers. The Florentine shop-girl is a type new, we fancy, in English fiction.

REVIEWS

A HISTORY OF MOTLEY

Clowns and Pantomimes. By M. Willson Disher. Constable. £2 2s. net.

THE world knows not a sorrier sight than the funny man failing to be funny. The whole sect of flagellants never produced a more pitiful devotee than he who scourges himself to unavailing antics. Thus the clown is suspended between heaven and hell. Be he Grimaldi and be he Grock, he becomes the people's darling; memories are short and he soon may fight for his last breath in the starveling's garret. Yet he has tasted ambrosial fare in his day because he has made men laugh. But the clown who cannot conquer, the routine hack of the travelling show, suffers a fate no better than the tamed and shabby tigers of the travelling menagerie. Hence the history of motley, to which Mr. Disher has brought a passionate devotion and an unflagging diligence in research, is such a medley of tears and laughter that it seems to be a world in miniature.

Men are ever condemning their clowns to the hell of a mirthless reception; Clown is slapped in the ring and slapped more savagely in the arena's circumference of silence. So Clown must scratch his tufted scalp and devise new policies. The history of "clownship" (Grimaldi's word) is like the history of most things, a history of survival by adaptation. The people who said "We always go out for the harlequinade," have lived up to their words so effectively that harlequin has had to go out too. And can we blame the public that fled from that dreary rigmarelle of sausages and coppers and red-hot pokers? Of course not. The harlequinade that one saw in pantomime twenty years ago was a mouldering corpse from which the spirit had fled. It had fled, but it had not failed. It found new bodies to inhabit, new worlds to conquer. Clown Chaplin and Harlequin Fairbanks leaped through a myriad miles of celluloid. Grock pushed his piano through the leading music-halls of Europe, living by his acting and not by his acrobatics. For Mr. Leslie Henson, the Winter Garden provides an eternal summer. Had he lived a hundred years ago he would have jostled Grimaldi's fame at Sadler's Wells by singing 'Hot Codlins' in Clown's uniform.

The history of pantomime is itself a transformation scene. The use of the word in England goes back to 1706, as Mr. Disher shows, when it was confused by an ignorant duchess with "dumb show." Pantomime came in on Italian wings, when it was not tip-toeing on the shoes of the ballet-dancer. It was Anglicized by the indefatigable Rich, and to be Anglicized in the age of classical architecture and the Augustan poets meant confusion with the mythology of Greece and Rome. The fairy story came later, the music-hall element later still. Pantomime, like Clown, has had its cakes and ale, its blows and buffettings. While Clown has migrated to Los Angeles, pantomime is awaiting a new manifestation of the life-force to re-create its tissues from within. And something will undoubtedly turn up. Modern "panto" is Micawbering and will enjoy Micawber's happy escape from an environment of trouble.

Mr. Disher has divided his chronicle between the individual and the institution. One is more naturally attracted by the human side, by Grock fighting his way up from the roadside caravan and by Grimaldi going no farther than from St. Clement Dane's to Clerkenwell and winning in this simple journey such plaudits as would have drowned the guns at Waterloo. He was introduced to the public at the age of three, for he was a son of the trade. He was not sixty when he died. He had been a monarch, but his son would not take up the crown. He passed away in poverty and despair, though he had his friends in the parlours of Clerkenwell. The life of Grimaldi, told in

great detail and with a warm, compassionate colouring of style, is a baroque bridge between the London of Sheridan and the London of Dickens. When Sadler's Wells re-opens, his name should be especially remembered. For at Pentonville, where were his triumphs, is his tomb. And, in the days of his distress, he wrote these verses :

From J. G. to T. Ellar. (A Harlequin.)

My Dr. Friend Tom, answr this I pray,
Do you mean to have my Instrument, Say Yea or Nay;
For if I do not hear from you without more delay,
In a short space of time, I shall send it away.
So Dr. Friend Tom, use no more Ceremony,
But come and take the music and bring me the money.
I have something still left for your judgement's approval
Which I wish to dispose of before my removal;
A case with Two Fiddles of Excellent Sounds,
You shall have the case and Fiddles for the sum of £5.
So Dr. Friend Tom, remains y'res till I die,
The once merry Momus, Poor Joe Grimaldi.
I shall quit Woolwich soon for another situation,
And glad enough shall I be to return from Transportation,
Once more enjoy society, the song, the glee and Laugh,
Tell odd storys, think of present, but not forget the past,
Be merry and wise for Time approaches fast,
For Death will you know have the odd trick at last.

Much of his life is in those lines. They have the tang of London. There is, too, a curious similarity between Grimaldi's idiom and sentiment and the self-expression of the English poor of to-day. The last five lines might almost be a letter from the front, penned ten years ago.

A history with such rich material is bound to be a book of riches unless the theme has fallen into the deadening hands of dry-as-dust. Mr. Fisher, as is shown by his choice of prints and pictures for the book, has an eye for richness, and his zeal in research has not blunted the edge of his passion for clown and pantomime. His devotion of long hours to theatrical archives has occasionally led him to include more detail than is quite fair to the human clowns beneath the burden and his most readable chapters are those in which the story of the man displaces the story of the motley. But for purposes of information all is valuable, and his publisher has enabled him to produce a book that has as much of the handsome about its person as Master Dogberry himself.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

A Grammar of Politics. By Harold J. Laski. Allen and Unwin. 18s. net.

LIKE the author of the 'Vindictæ Contra Tyrannos,' of which he recently reprinted a seventeenth-century translation, Mr. Laski sums up a whole literature in himself. In this case that literature is, broadly speaking, the reformist political literature of the present century. His indebtedness to such thinkers as Cole, Tawney, Webb, Wallas, Hobhouse, and Bertrand Russell is apparent on almost every page. This, of course, in no way minimizes the importance of this long expected book. Mr. Laski shows himself not only a widely informed student, but an independent thinker of very great ability. He has, unlike most political philosophers, the inestimable advantage of an historical training and an extensive acquaintance with political institutions and their working. Naturally, he is not equally at home in all parts of his subject. The section on the principles of local government, for example, lacks the mastery shown in discussing such fundamental problems as Sovereignty and Rights, and would have been improved if he had studied the evidence given before the present Royal Commission. But in the big issues of political theory there is no comparable modern work, and this book will be indispensable to all serious students for a long time to come.

Even on the theoretical side, thorough as is Mr. Laski's treatment, we sometimes feel that there are omissions and mistakes of stress. Thus, in discussing the marks by which the state may be distinguished

from other associations, there is insufficient emphasis on the comprehensiveness and the urgency of the purposes the state seeks to achieve. Again, not enough is made of the importance of the unity of the state. But comparatively speaking, these are small points. Essentially, what Mr. Laski has done is to give a restatement of the political philosophy of T. H. Green in modern terms. The criterion employed is always the ethical one whether a given right or institution does or does not help a man "to be his best self." This conception, it will be seen, is more positive than that of T. H. Green, who conceived of the state as the "hinderer of hindrances" to the good life. None the less, the identity of outlook is clear. It is this consistent use of the ethical criterion which gives unity to his work and also, in its rigid application, a certain ruthlessness to his logic.

The ultimate constraining force in the modern community Mr. Laski finds in the moral obligation to follow justice. He rejects equally the metaphysical analysis of Bosanquet and the legalism of Austin. And in his view justice requires democracy, by which he means the contribution to the state by every citizen of the judgment based on his own unique experience. Government, that is, must be based on opinion. But that opinion must be educated, informed, and organized. "The education of the citizen," says Mr. Laski, "is the heart of the modern state." That is not to say that everyone must be educated in the same way or up to the same point, but that all must receive a certain minimum training to fit them for citizenship. It follows that public opinion, if it is to be effective, must be adequately informed, and Mr. Laski has something to say of the pernicious effect of manipulated news. In fact, he thinks that almost all the advantage gained by the growth of education in the nineteenth century has been lost by the growth of propaganda in the twentieth. Lastly, public opinion must be organized and vigilant. In order that state action shall be related to responsible opinion, Mr. Laski proposes that each of the departments of government should be compelled to consult an advisory committee representative of the interests concerned. This provision, if accompanied by territorial decentralization and functional devolution, will impose adequate safeguards against the abuse of legal power.

Mr. Laski thus rehabilitates the state against those critics who have assailed it as unrepresentative and too exclusively territorial. He is on his guard against the view that the state is an end in itself. He emphasizes the truth that the actions of the state are to be judged by their effect on the actual lives of individual citizens.

No modern work on politics can altogether avoid economics, and Mr. Laski's chapters on property and industry are especially interesting. On the former he is much less "advanced" than appears on the surface. Briefly, his view is that in return for the performance of some function in society, or in the absence of the opportunity of such performance, the state should guarantee a minimum livelihood to all citizens. Only when this has been done, he thinks, can differential rewards be justly given for services of which society has an especial need—for example, those of the doctor or the artist. The reward which should be given in these cases should be determined by what will elicit the requisite amount of such service. These proposals do not differ so profoundly as Mr. Laski thinks from the principles already in operation in society, though no doubt they are not applied in any complete way. His proposals in regard to industry are more striking. He would "professionalize" industry by restricting power to those who perform some active function in its actual conduct. The owner of capital would receive the market price for his capital, but should have no share in the management, which ought to be democratized. Most important of all, the motive of service should replace that of profit.

We have devoted most of our space to exposition rather than to criticism, because though few will agree with all Mr. Laski's conclusions, it is important that they should be understood and discussed. Mr. Laski has written a great book, though it will not satisfy those in search of the niceties of analysis. If he does not use a very fine net, he catches the larger fish.

NAKED SOULS

From President to Prison. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR OSSENDOWSKI, known for his picturesque revelations of Russia and the Far East, furnishes something like historical memoirs in his present volume. The governmental mismanagement of the war in Manchuria immediately brought about the revolutionary attempts of 1905, and later the disasters of the whole nation. Our Professor, a Pole naturally resenting the treatment of his own people, and not given to any excessive admiration of the Russian character, witnesses and shares in the stress of 1904-5. His personal task, as scientist and chemist, is to supply Kuropatkin's army from local sources. With Vladivostock or Harbin for headquarters, he makes incursions into the near wilds, and once more has much of interest to tell us about forests and wastes, migratory birds and hunting, tigers and bandits. Presently he is moved to sign a telegram of protest against the conduct of the war, and finds himself caught into the whirlpool of events. Russia is, as ever, bloody and implacable. Russia is the "rubbish heap" of Europe and Asia. For fifty days, grouping about himself such elements of order as he may, he heads a provisional government, is "President of the Russian Far East." But revolutions have their wonted courses; power is fickle and passes into the hands of the narrowly determined. The Committee agree to dissent among themselves; the army in process of evacuation is disorganized and doubtful. The political police, after their sort under Tsar or Soviets, play the subtle, Byzantine game of internal treachery. Reaction sets in for a decade, and President Ossendowski lies in a cell, and is finally condemned to a year and a half of "fortress prison."

In these months of "honourable custody" in the Stone Sack, Mr. Ossendowski takes precaution against the nerve-shattering conditions of the prison life. He cleans and plants, cultivates the friendship of rodents and spiders, is headsman and tutor of his companions, political and criminal. As the scientist and explorer of the wilds, he is wont to observe the cosmic play of biological law. But also he allows the influence of the spirit, and now discovers within himself the primitive and perennial capacity for mysticism. Active or unspeakably depressed, and retaining his sense of the dramatic and humorous, he reads the outer feature and detects the naked souls of himself and his fellow victims. His pages will fairly bear to be compared with those in which Dostoeffsky records his own sojourn in the House of Death-in-Life. There is matter for the psychologist and for the lay amateur of human cases. We have the comedy of Nowakowski's bomb; and the whole scheme of wireless signalling that preludes, and the staged commotions that further, the possible escapes. *Saryn da na kiechkv*: break the bars and flee! We have saints and sinners and princes of the prison. Love, too, laughs at locksmiths, and can flourish ethereal in unlikeliest places. The contemplation of human tragedy and joy brings pity and comprehension. Deepest distress prompts the thought of a brighter morrow. Mr. Ossendowski learns to revise his judgment of the Russian soul, yearning to understand and express itself. Criminal and cruel from very suffering and despair, it might still, with wisdom and honesty, bloom forth in sacrifice and idealism.

STUDENT RELIEF

Rebuilding Europe. By Ruth Rouse. Student Christian Movement. 4s. and 2s. 6d. net.

MISS RUTH ROUSE writes of the work of the European Student Relief with an enthusiasm that on occasions leads her into minor errors of statement. She attributes to the League of Nations, for example, the repatriation of nearly three million prisoners of war, whereas in fact the prisoners sent home by the League numbered under half a million. However, she has played so great a part in the work of European Student Relief that we may take for granted the accuracy of the details she gives of the work of that organization. One can well understand her enthusiasm, for the tenacity with which university students have continued their work, at the sacrifice of the more obvious necessities of life, can only be described as inspiring. "Eighty per cent. at least of the students in Central Europe," writes Miss Rouse, "must earn as well as study," and the European Student Relief of the World's Student Christian Federation deserves credit even less for distributing some twenty-five million meals and for raising nearly half a million pounds in nineteen different countries than for having taught the students of devastated countries how to help themselves.

Few of us realize how extensive the co-operation between the students of the world has been:

Far New Zealand specialized on relief to most distant Tomsk, and has obtained at least a glimpse of the Russian problem both in Siberia and amongst the refugees. Students in Java can tell you the racial divisions in the universities of Latvia and Estonia. Negro students in South Africa can give you points on the university situation in Prussia. The gifts of China, Japan and India to Austria and Germany have put the Orient on the map for the students of Central Europe.

This co-operation between students is at least as important politically as materially. Before the war the German corps student, for example, was anything but democratic, but in 1920, "in Berlin 1,400 students were without a roof over their heads, sleeping in the streets, in sewers, in railway waiting-rooms, while forty per cent. of them were doing wage-earning work as waiters, coal heavers, conductors, navvies, night watchmen, printers, builders, or what not." With returning stability the outlook of the German students has become relatively bright and the *Wirtschaftshilfe*, the self-help department of their Students' Union, proposes to pay back next year to the European Student Relief over £2,000 as a first instalment of the money expended on relief in Germany in the past. One cannot believe that a university student who has only been able to take his degree by working as a navvy or a miner and by accepting the assistance of other students in other parts of the world holds the same views as did the German corps student of 1914. Other Central European countries have found themselves in the same difficulties as Germany and have faced their crisis with wonderful courage. For example, "in 1921 some students in the Polytechnic at Warsaw started a small factory in a cellar, where they made various chemical products, shoe polish, soap and ink, with student labour."

Although the situation in many countries is still serious, it is no longer necessary for 250 Russian students in Prague to share one medical book, or for 1,673 medical students in Warsaw to share one microscope. Miss Rouse has every reason to be enthusiastic about the help that the European Student Relief has given to the student victims of the war.

A NEW AESTHETIC

Relation in Art. By Vernon Blake. Oxford University Press. 18s. net.

THIS book is not easy to read. The opening chapters in particular demand close attention, but those who are not afraid of being made to think, above all

those who have some acquaintance with modern philosophy and mathematical relativity, will find it of absorbing interest. It is remarkable that Mr. Blake, starting some twenty years ago from the consideration of æsthetic phenomena, should have worked down to a philosophic conclusion similar to that which is indicated by the physico-mathematical conclusions of Lorentz, Minkowski and Einstein. Aesthetics, as Mr. Blake points out, is usually regarded as a minor department of thought and worked up to from a philosophic or metaphysical basis, but there is no reason why art should not be taken as a leading manifestation of human activity, studied, classified and co-ordinated to form a system, an æsthetic, and from that moral, social and other deductions made until step by step a complete system is evolved. That, at any rate, was Mr. Blake's process, but he has reversed it in presentation for obvious reasons. His hypotheses are clearly stated, and he is refreshingly undogmatic as to their truth. He postulates them, and then works logically from them. He only asks us to accept his logic, because he is ready, as he says, to leave the discussion of absolute truth to those who are certain of what absolute truth really is.

In subsequent chapters, Mr. Blake applies his criticism, occasionally, one feels, thinking absolutely, rather than relatively, but on the whole with wonderful cohesion. The illustrations are good.

SHORTER NOTICES

New Cancer Facts. By David Masters. Introduction by Sir James Cantlie. The Bodley Head. 2s. 6d. net.

MORBID curiosity-seekers, as Stephen Leacock would call them, are attracted to cancer above all other common diseases, for it is at once the most horrible and the most mysterious. Nevertheless the rise of cancer has been sufficiently alarming to give some excuse for that half-scared curiosity which is now the normal attitude towards it. Since 1850 the toll has much more than quadrupled: even this century it has shot up by 50 per cent. in Britain. It is inevitable therefore that popular works on cancer should make their appearance, and that being so it is fortunate that an explanation of the progress of research should have been undertaken by a reasonable and lucid writer like Mr. Masters. He is an enthusiastic disciple of the indefatigable Dr. Louis Sambon, whose investigations during the last eighteen months have brought very suggestive results, pointing to the conclusion that cancer has virtually nothing to do with blows or diet, or paraffin or tomatoes or food preservatives, or the rest of the stock scapegoats, but is intimately connected with one or more parasitic worms, capable of gaining admission only to unhealthy cells. The existence of "cancer houses," the limitation of cancer in a town to a single street (illustrated by a striking map), and a close association with rats, cockroaches and other vermin are also indicated. Any layman who takes an interest in this unpleasant question will certainly find 'New Cancer Facts' worth reading.

Introducing London. By E. V. Lucas. With 16 Illustrations by E. Coffin. Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.

MR. LUCAS, an old hand at London and the needs of sightseers, has produced a capital little book for those who want broad details, in a few walks, of what is worth seeing. He writes easily with the humorous and literary touches we expect, and, further, a good sense of the practical. Only in pictures does he give us any detailed judgments. It is well to note that the Tate Gallery to-day is by no means confined to Victorian reputations, and has shows of modern art as well. St. Paul's, by the by, in the part still open includes a replica of Holman Hunt's 'Light of the

World.' We think the Law Courts with their restless muddle of roof are rather overrated as architecture, but usually Mr. Lucas's taste is good, and he is so convinced a Londoner as to find the effect of London soot on white stone "always soothing and impressive." We applaud his remarks on the charges for admission to parts of national shrines, and the excellence of the London Museum, which is not yet so well known as it should be. "Stone walls do not a prison make" (p. 67) does not begin a lyric of Lovelace, but ends it. Mr. Coffin's sketches are clear, but a little hard.

The Circle of the Deserts. By Paule Henry-Bordeaux. Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d. net.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE was a sufficiently remarkable person to inspire an army of biographers. Mme. Bordeaux is not the least of them, but she is so unfortunate in her translator that we are here presented with a conglomeration of fact and effect, ill-expressed, ill-arranged and in parts scarcely intelligible. The book opens with Lady Hester's setting out in the frigate *Jason* for Gibraltar, and, after enumerating her amazing adventures and behaviour, closes somewhat abruptly with the departure of her faithful companion, Dr. Meryon, for England in 1817, she herself being then established at the foot of Mount Lebanon. Of her death no mention is made, and it was not the least dramatic of her experiences. All her life she had been the centre of interest and adulation; she had known the friendship of her uncle, William Pitt, and the admiration of his compeers; she had lived surrounded by sycophants and an obsequious retinue; but at the moment of death she was forsaken by everyone, and her body was carried ignominiously to a secret burial. Whatever the failings and peculiarities of this redoubtable woman she was worthy of some better tribute than this translation of Mme. Bordeaux's memoir.

Educational Heresies. By Bernard Wright. Noel Douglas. 5s. net.

IT is the misfortune of education that because very few people think about it, a great many write on it. Why such a book as this should be written is hard indeed to say. As criticism it is utterly cheap: as suggestion it is futile. Possibly it amused the author to write it; it can hardly amuse or edify anyone to read it. It is not duller than some other books on education

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we have come across, but that is a poor excuse for its appearance; surely for dullness no books are ever in the running with books on education. The mental calling of this "educationist" may be judged from his remark that "only a pedant would pretend to believe that the achievements of the ancient world in the spheres of philosophy and art are of any significance compared with the modern world's achievements in half a dozen other spheres." More serious as morally malicious is his charge that "there is no section of the community more antipathetic to the working class than the secondary teachers and scholars." This, we know from direct experience, is false. On the other side there is some truth in what this person says of elementary teachers and religious education.

The Reformation in Northern England. By J. S. Fletcher. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. FLETCHER in this short volume tells in 180 pages the history of the destruction of the monasteries in Northern England and of the popular risings which followed. There does not seem to be much new material bearing immediately on the subject to be found, and Mr. Fletcher's task has been to collect and re-present the facts already known in their proper order to make a salient whole. There are of course no two views to be held as to the destruction of the monasteries and abbeys at this time of day, whatever views we may hold of the evidence on which they were taken into the hands of the Crown, but a more serious loss still was incurred by the wholesale spoliation of Parish Endowments which followed. Mr. Fletcher has got together a very useful biography of his subject and has given us a good index, both recommendations of his work. What we should have liked to see more frequently were opinions of his own with the evidence on which they were formed rather than the acceptance of other people's ready-made comminations, however important they may have been.

The Elizabethan Home, discovered in two dialogues. Edited by M. St. Clare Byrne. Haslewood. 12s. 6d. net.

THE good old way of learning a language by dialogues went out of fashion many years ago in schools and only found precarious shelter in "courses" where students really wanted to learn. The Colloquies of Erasmus served their last purpose in inspiring Charles Reade, and now Miss Byrne has had the happy idea of extracting from two Elizabethan lesson books in French an account of the daily life—as the schoolmaster saw it—of the schoolboy, of his father the citizen, and of a great lady, her friends, her children, and her home. By far the most amusing are the latter—the mysteries of her dress, her uncertainties, her difficulties with the servants, her shopping, and her table talk are inimitable, once the special difficulties implicit in the form are overlooked. The book is very well printed and illustrated with reproductions of old wood-cuts.

The Scourge of Villanie (1599). By John Marston. Bodley Head. 3s. net.

MR. HARRISON'S preface to this book is a very sound piece of literary criticism. Marston was a young man when he wrote 'The Scourge of Villanie,' which no doubt shows the fierce passion for reform of youth and the sense of disillusionment and revulsion against sensuality which was in the air as the sixteenth century

closed. The satires are not easy reading nor are they pleasant, but unless one has read them one can hardly get the atmosphere, for example, of Shakespeare's "tragic period." A rather fanciful suggestion as to a connexion between Ajax and the melancholy Jacques comes in a final note.

The Wayland-Dietrich Saga. The Song of Wayland—III. By Katherine M. Buck. 21s. net.

MISS BUCK has now got so far in her gigantic undertaking as the tale of Hengest and Vortigern, and the adventures of Maximus, all told us through the mouth of Nornaguest. The verse is easy without degenerating into sameness, and the interest is well kept up. The danger in such a work as this is that the relation of the various planes may be lost; in this volume, for example, we are at least at three removes from Wayland, and the reader is apt to forget the forest among so many trees. However, each of the episodes is good in itself and we may trust to the poet in her own good time to gather up the threads into their appointed place, having given us much pleasure in the meantime.

THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for September gives us the conclusion of Mr. Maeterlinck's meditations on 'Ancient Egypt,' translated by Mr. Alfred Sutro. It is mainly the religion of old Egypt that occupies his attention, the exoteric side of it with its magic and incantations of inane and barbaric stupidity, the esoteric with its "nebulous promise of agnostic pantheism." Or again we turn to the problem of the great Pyramid, the last monument of a great dead civilization, if we are to believe the accounts of the observations it embodies, or the equally fascinating problem of the origins of the art of the early dynasties. Mr. G. S. Street writes on 'The Censorship of Plays' with authority. He is giving information about his office, not discussing its usefulness or desirability. Mr. C. B. Cochran champions 'Revue as an Art-form'; it is at any rate a test of "show-craft"—to use a word he coins. Mr. Beresford Chancellor chronicles the disappearance of the great houses of London, the only remaining examples of which are saved by being turned into museums or public offices. The story is by Selma Lagerlöf, of a house-troll. The political articles deal with the Security Pact, Empire Development, and the Coal Trade. An excellent number.

The *London Mercury* devotes its editorial remarks to the astonishing prices paid for the odds and ends of Mr. Sargent's studio. £6,000 for a student's copy of a famous portrait seems out of all proportion by any standard of value. Mr. Thomas Hardy contributes two short poems, epitaphs on a cynic and on a pessimist, the latter imitated from the French. The verse is by Mr. Blunden, Mr. H. Asquith, Mr. G. H. Hamilton (epigrams) and others. The stories include a little tragedy of a broken life—The Seagull, by Mr. Burton, and another of Italian life by Yoi Maraini. The chief interest of the number is Mr. Ivor Brown's interlude, 'Smithfield Preserved, or The Divill a Vegetarian,' played by members of the Critic's Circle on June 30, wherein after much debate an alliance between Velia and Asparagio heals the feud between beefeaters and vegetarians. Mr. Norwood dives into a register of absolutely idiotic prose and verse which he used to keep. There is some criticism of Mr. James Stephens which will please his admirers, and an account of Jeremy Collier's war on the stage. Mr. Bernard Shaw writes to defend the typography of his books—"a person who cannot see well enough to read my plays as they are printed cannot see at all for practical printing purposes, and should learn Braille." Mr. Powys writes about St. Paul's and Mycenae; Mr. Strangways expounds the musical value of the Worcester Cathedral MSS.; Mr. Freeman writes on Belles Lettres and Prince Mirsky on Criticism, Sir Charles Biron on Memoirs and Professor Andrade on Cooking, the latter wisely and well.

The *Calendar* publishes an amusing fantasy—we hope the author will excuse our being amused—'The Marmosite's Miscellany,' which embodies Mr. John Doyle's views on a number of literary celebrities and critics. Three tales by Leonid Leonov

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illustrate the work of the new school of Russian writers; they are well worth publishing. Mr Arthur Waley describes a most interesting early Japanese work, 'The Gossamer Diary,' of the end of the tenth century, and Mr. Garman is severe upon modern poetry. Mr. Rickword scrutinizes the reputation of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Cecil Gray demolishes to his own satisfaction Mr. Newman as a critic of music. Reviews by Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan and Mr. Edwin Muir are another feature of a very lively magazine.

The *Adelphi* opens with Mr. Murry's statement of his attitude towards Christianity and Christ. The most important article is a translation by Mr. Nabokoff of 'An unpublished chapter of Tolstoy's War and Peace.' Mr. William Beebe describes 'Falling Leaves' in a tropical forest. In 'Round and about Sincerity' a recent article in the *Hibbert Review* on Mr. Tomlinson receives a severe trouncing—a little too severe to our mind, and on p. 241 there is an equally crushing quotation from Conrad about Spiritualism.

The *English Review* opens with a paper on 'The Real Coal Problem' by Mr. E. T. Good, which is an economical production. The account of 'The War in Morocco' is a useful compendium of the facts, and Mr. J. O. P. Bland tells us the meaning and aims of 'American Policy in China.' There are short papers on 'The Druse Rebellion in Syria' and 'Poland's Historic Title to Danzig,' while Commander Kenworthy insists on the stupidity and danger of leaving our submarine forces in their present inadequate numbers. Col. Talbot urges the advantages of a 'National Wheat Reserve,' and A. A. B. says a good word on behalf of the much-criticised Mr. Peter E. Wright. There are three good short stories.

The *World To-day* contains, besides a further instalment of the Page letters, a number of letters on the subject of birth-control by Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Robert L. Woolf. The Page letters deal with the outbreak of the War: Mr. Shaw deals with Roosevelt in his inimitable way—birth-control being only the occasion. Other articles deal with Old Furniture, the Druses, Mr. Fuchs's Memoirs, and under-seas—all well illustrated.

CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

In October of last year the management of the Rock Investment Company passed into the hands of Mr. M. C. Harman. The Company, which was formed in 1912 to take over the Birkbeck Share and Debenture Trust, was not latterly particularly successful in its operations; no dividend had been paid on its ordinary shares since 1920, and the 5% preference dividend was three years in arrears.

The report recently issued showed that under Mr. Harman's direction not merely have the arrears of Preference Dividend been paid off, but the Preference receive 5% this year and the Ordinary 1%. Shareholders should certainly congratulate themselves on what their new chairman has achieved in so short a time. The future of the Company will be watched with considerable interest.

CONSOLIDATED DIAMOND MINES

In view of the recent formation of a new diamond syndicate, which in addition to the Anglo-American Corporation, includes the chief South African producers of diamonds, namely the De Beers, Premier and Jagersfontein companies, attention is drawn to the Consolidated Diamond Mines of South West Africa. It will be remembered that this company was mainly responsible for the break up of the old London Diamond Syndicate which came to an end in December last owing to the dissatisfaction on the part of the Anglo-American Corporation over the terms offered for the production of the Consolidated Mines. A separate selling organization for the handling of the South West African output was established, and by that means the Anglo-American Corporation was able to dispose of a large part of the output it controlled to the United States. Both De Beers shares and Jagersfontein shares have responded to the new agree-

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ment for the control of sales by very substantial rises in price, while in the case of the Consolidated, the upward movement has been small as yet. With the satisfactory conclusion of the diamond syndicate agreement, the Company will benefit by five years peace and concord between all the big producers, with the advantage of being allowed to contribute a larger quota of diamonds than that allowed under the previous lapsed arrangement. At the present price of about 21s. 9d. I consider these shares hold out potential speculative possibilities.

ANGLO-ECUADORIAN OILFIELDS

The Anglo-Ecuadorian Oilfields, Ltd., propose making a fresh issue of 250,000 shares which are to be offered to shareholders at 25s. in the proportion of one new share for every three old. The company have issued a circular in which they state that unexpected and unusual delays have taken place in the development of the field. Progress has been slow, but the prospects shown by the drill have continued good. Ten wells have been completed, or are nearing completion, and it appears only necessary to add to the number of wells to ensure an income which will be remunerative.

The railway has now been repaired, after being cut by unusual rains, which paralysed all transport. Tankage for 19,000 tons of oil has been erected, or is in course of erection. The refined products, that is gasolene and kerosene, meet a ready market in Ecuador, and as the small refinery cannot supply the demand, additional plant has been sent out to enlarge it. Output of Crude Oil has reached 1,600 tons per month. The Undersea Pipe Line has been laid, and the first cargo of 5,000 tons of oil for shipment to Europe during this month has just been sold.

While there has been unavoidable delay, equipment of the Field is now approaching completion, and the prospects before the Company appear more assured than at any previous date.

I have recommended these shares in the past and do so again as I feel confident that the company will have a successful future. I strongly advise existing shareholders to take up these new shares.

RUBBER

The rubber share market has shown considerable strength this week. Not only has "spot" rubber improved to 3s. 6d., but there has been active demand for "forward" at most encouraging prices. Six weeks ago, when rubber shares rose in a blaze of activity, there was a difference at times of 2s. a lb. between spot and six months forward; to-day this difference is reduced to sixpence. Again, six weeks ago the share market was overwhelmed by a large speculative bull position, to-day this does not exist and the market is technically in a very healthy condition. I expect increasing activity in the next two months and am of opinion that rubber shares should be held. Of the heavier variety I favour Travancore Rubber at 56s. 3d. I consider the pick of the floriners to be United Serdang at 6s. 1d. Those who are looking for a two-shilling share at a discount can buy Timbang-Deli Sumatra Rubber at 1s. 10½d.

CORDOVA LAND

I would draw attention to the £1 ordinary shares of the Cordova Land Company, the issued capital of which is £1,088,085 in £1 shares, with £406,787 5% Debentures outstanding. The Company owns about 100,000 acres of grazing land in the Province of Cordova, 400 acres of building land, about 32,000 head of cattle and a large flock of sheep. No dividend has been paid on the ordinary shares since 1921-22 owing to the severe slump in the price of cattle. In 1923 the position showed a slight improvement and for 1924 a profit of £74,118 was earned. After paying Debenture interest and placing £5,000 to reserve £55,464 was carried forward against £10,770 brought forward.

The company is very well managed and with conditions continuing to improve, I look with confidence for a dividend of at least 5% for 1925. In addition to their flocks and herds the company has nearly 16,000 acres of what was originally grazing land, now under cultivation by colonists and this area is increasing annually. In view of this increase I am informed that there is a possibility of the property being sold in the reasonably near future at a price considerably in excess of the present market values of the shares. I therefore recommend these shares at the present price of 13s.

THE WEEK'S REPORTS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

The General Motors Corporation of America announce the purchase of the Austin Motor Company. The General Motors Company will continue to manufacture Austin Cars under the existing name.

Waldorf Hotel have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.

Shareholders have approved changing the name of the Colonial Bank to Barclay's Bank—Dominion and Overseas.

For the year ending March 31, 1925, the Kalidjerock Rubber Co. have declared a dividend of 25 per cent. against 15 per cent. for 1924.

Devitura Rubber and Tea Estates declare 5 per cent. dividend against 3 per cent. last year.

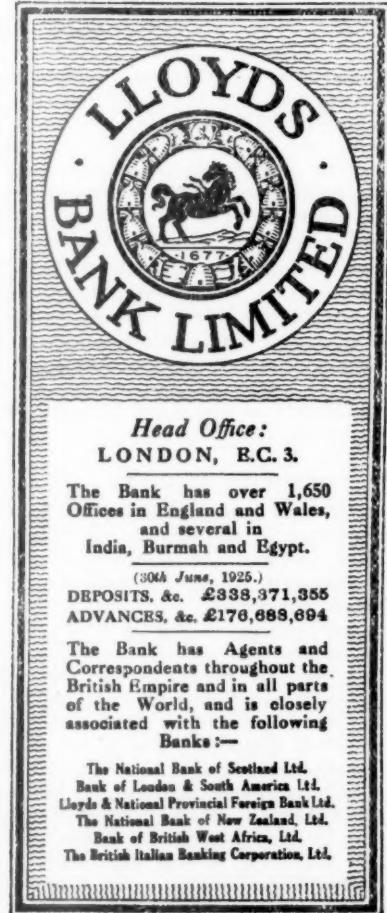
Dimbula Valley Tea Company declare interim of 15 per cent. against 12½ per cent. last year.

General Ceylon Rubber and Tea Estates declare interim of 10 per cent. against 7½ per cent. last year.

British Borneo Para Rubber Company has declared a dividend of 20 per cent. No dividend has been paid since 1920.

John Barker & Co. have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares—this is the usual rate.

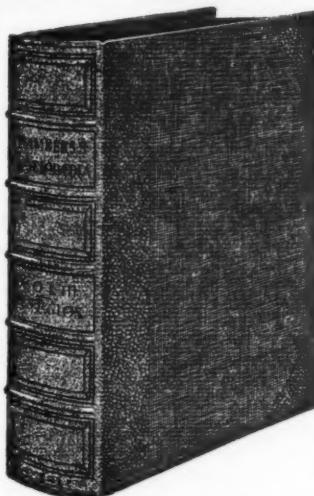
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MOTORING

MULTI-CYLINDER CARS

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE success of the eight-cylinder Isotta-Fraschini motor carriage has stimulated other motor manufacturers to produce multi-cylindred cars. The choice used to lie only in six-cylinder motors. Now vehicles can be obtained having eight explosion chambers in order to smooth the torque. The latest eight-cylinder car is the 30-90 h.p. Sunbeam, this model being added to the four and the six-cylinder types produced by this firm. It has been designed for carrying heavy and commodious closed or open coach-work for those motorists who can afford to spend nearly two thousand pounds on their conveyance. Such multi-cylinder vehicles have a very long wheel-base, which necessitates their being provided with a specially good turning-lock, as otherwise the driver has difficulty on sharp angled corners and hairpin bends. One is almost inclined to imagine that these huge private carriages are only fit for first or second class main roads. As several eight-cylinder cars are now offered to the public it is advisable for prospective purchasers to test these new models for their ability to negotiate narrow acute turns. Some of them will easily pass such tests, but with the advent of front wheel brakes the diameter of the turning circle has been lengthened generally so that such vehicles require more space to make acute cornering possible in one lock.

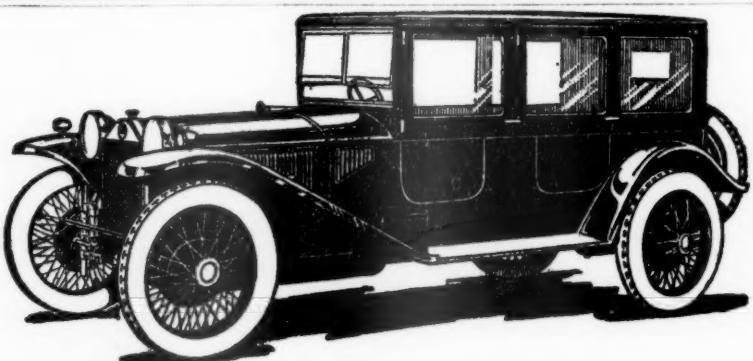
* * *

One notices that quite a number of comparatively small cars find difficulty in taking some of the turns necessitated by the new white lines now placed in the centre of the roadway. The white line is an excellent idea for keeping traffic to its proper half of the road. Also, the line at the street turning points has demonstrated how many find difficulty in keeping to the left

owing to the poor steering qualities of their cars. In some instances this has been due to the speed at which they have endeavoured to round the corner, and so the white line has taught such drivers to take the bends more slowly. Although all cars have not the wonderful turning qualities of the London taxi-cab (which is due to regulations enforced by the Metropolitan police), perhaps some general improvement will be found in the new models that are now appearing in the makers' catalogues.

* * *

At the moment, it would seem that there is a tendency towards larger and more powerful cars. The Delage car which won the French Grand Prix and has established some world's speed records was fitted with a twelve-cylinder engine, although its total capacity was within 2,000 cubic centimetres. From successful racing car engines better touring motors are frequently descended. So while we now find eight cylinders as the maximum distribution of the explosion mixture of the engine in present-day private cars, there would seem a probability that this will be increased to twelve cylinders in the future. America favoured a twelve-cylinder car at one time, but its supporters in Great Britain were few in comparison to those who pinned their faith to our high-class six-cylinder and eight-cylinder productions. Eight-cylinder cars appear to be more popular in America than twelve, so no doubt some of their models will also make a bid for such customers as can be obtained in Europe for multi-cylinder motors. In fact the Locomobile "Junior Eight" cylinder car has recently arrived in London. This car has all its eight cylinders in line conforming to the accepted practice of the best European models. This, however, caters for a much less luxurious and less well-endowed market than our European "eights," though it may be taken as an indication of the direction in which popular favour is expected to tend.



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Sunday Times, 7/6/25.



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30/90 h.p. Sunbeam, an eight-cylinder model with cylinders in line. This will meet a demand we have experienced for some considerable time for a chassis capable of carrying larger coachwork than our 20/60 h.p. six-cylinder model. Prices for this new model are given here, and full chassis specification, etc., will be announced later. We shall exhibit a 30/90 h.p. car with Enclosed Limousine body on our stand at Olympia, October 9th to 17th.

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list below.

Allen and Unwin	Harrap	Murray
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Steinemann	Nash & Grayson
Basil Blackwell	Herbert Jenkins	Odhams Press
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Hodder & Stoughton	Rutnam's
Chapman & Hall	Hodge	Routledge
Collins	Hurst and Blackett	Sampson Low
Dent	Hutchinson	Selwyn Blount
Fisher Unwin	Jarrold	S.P.C.K.
Foulis	Macmillan	Stanley Paul
Grant Richards	Melrose	The Bodley Head
Gyllyndale	Mills & Boon	Ward, Lock
		Warner Laurie

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 183.

TWO FAMOUS HORSES, ONE OF OLD RENOWN.
THE OTHER—GALIC—KNOWN IN EPSOM TOWN.

1. A weapon, sir, that asks some skill to throw.
2. Not this the bird that wakes us with his crow.
3. My venom naked-footed Hindoo dread.
4. On it the twelve tribes' names might once be read.
5. At Eden's door disconsolate she stood.
6. They feed on grass, and so their flesh tastes good.
7. Seize you it may, if you should win the prize.
8. "Turn it to good account,"—so say the wise.
9. Curtail an ox that once ran wild in Gaul.
10. Where reeds abound you'll find this songster small.

Solution of Acrostic No. 181.

C annibalis M ¹	1 <i>Homo homini lupus.</i> "Man is a wolf to man."—ERASMUS.
O dontalgi A	2 See Johnson's Dictionary: "Pensioner. A slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master."
P ensione R ²	3 "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when wee sate by the flesh-pots, and when wee did eat bread to the full: for yee haue brought vs foorth into this wildernes, to kill this whole assembly with hunger."—Exod. vi. 3.
E xodu S ³	4 "Nereus is sometimes called the most ancient of all gods."—LEMPRIERE.
N etti E	
H erm It	
A pocrhya L	
G oose-quil L	
E llips E	
N ereu S ⁴	

ACROSTIC NO. 181.—The winner is Mr. C. A. Ladson, 90 Sampson Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, who has selected as his prize 'Between the Old World and the New,' published by Allen and Unwin and reviewed in our columns on August 22 under the title of 'The New Age and its Hopes.' Forty other competitors chose this book, twelve named 'Sea Lavender,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Lynx, J. Chambers, East Sheen, John Lennie, Iago, C. J. Warden, Hanworth, A. de V. Blathwayt, F. D. Leeper, Barberry, and Baitho.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Pussy, Lilian, Carlton, Owl, Bolo, Jorum, Sir Reginald Egerton, Trike, C. A. S., Still Waters, F. M. Petty, Gay, Madge, Lady Mottram, St. Ives, Apacer, Capt. Wolsey, Ceyx, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, J. Doman Turner, H. M. Vaughan, and M. B.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: N. O. Sellam, Melville, Glamis, Coque, R. H. Boothroyd, Martha, Lionel Cresswell, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Quis, Rho Kappa, Margaret, Lt.-Colonel Sir Wolsey Haig, Eirogram, M. I. R., M. Story, The Pelhams, Ruth Bevan, Sisyphus, Jeff, Boskerris, G. W. Miller, Maud Crowther, Chip, Gunton, Baldersby, and Zyk. All others more.

For Light 7, Apcipital, Ambigual, and Amphibological are accepted.

ACROSTIC NO. 180.—Two Lights wrong: Cameron. A. B. S.—Books selected must be reviewed in that issue in which the acrostic appears.

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FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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Ancient Egypt—II. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro.
Seven Months of Conservative Policy. By "Curio."
Security: The Next Step. By Hugh F. Spender.
Economic Progress in Ireland. By "Macdara."
The Censorship of Plays. By G. S. Street.
Revue as an Art-Form. By Charles B. Cochran.
The Rise of the Official Class. By W. F. Watson.
A Matter of Money, Markets and Men. By Archibald Hurd.
The Knell of the Great Houses. By E. Beresford Chancellor.
The Coal Trade as an Awful Example. By "Lexophilus."
Islam and the Psychology of the Musulman. By Pont. Min.
The Salmon. By W. J. M. Menzies.
The Troll of Töreby. By Selma Lagerlöf.
Mainly Victorian. By St. John Adcock.
Current Literature. By S. M. Ellis.

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